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The No. 331 (New Series), Vol. 7. July 23, 1938

TWOPENCE

PASSING SHOW

Not a FIGHTING MAN

by Stephen Vincent Benet

ROBERT TAYLOR'S *Life*

Story

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

THIS week, there begins exclusively in the *Picturegoer*—the screen's most popular magazine—the greatest and most enthralling story ever to be written in connection with the world of films. It is the LIFE STORY of ROBERT TAYLOR—the handsome young college student whose meteoric rise to stardom represents one of the most sensational triumphs in the history of the screen. Robert Taylor himself has actually written this absorbing narrative especially for *Picturegoer* readers. In it he unfolds a wealth of detail never before completely revealed. Simply yet brilliantly he tells you of his life from early youth up to the present time. Adventure, romance, love affairs, studio secrets, home life, personal ambitions, hobbies, superstitions—Robert Taylor tells it all, giving you an intimate insight into his "real self" that you will appreciate and treasure.

The publication of a story such as this is a landmark in film journalism. To celebrate this event, therefore, the *Picturegoer* this week also announces a magnificent and exciting Presentation to every one of its readers. It is "Everybody's Book of Fate and Fortune"—the greatest work of its kind in the world—a valuable 600-page volume in which all the mysterious and wonderful methods of telling your Fate and Fortune in life are described and illustrated—reading the stars—character from handwriting—lucky numbers—your fortune from your hands—the meanings of the cards—the mysteries of the planets—the story of figures—in fact all the deep mystery, magic and fascination of this great science is contained in this book, set out in simple language for all to understand.

Following this special announcement the demand for this week's *Picturegoer*—just out—will be phenomenal. Even as you now read, the *Picturegoer* is fast selling out. Unless you go or send at once to the nearest bookstall or newsagent, you may be too late! Don't miss this historic issue which commences Robert Taylor's Life Story and also entitles you to accept such a wonderful Presentation. Get your copy at once—price twopence only as usual.

PICTUREGOER

Just Out

All over Britain they're taking up the *30-Second Breakfast*

. . . They're saving time, work, money by eating this delicious, extra-sustaining breakfast that takes only half a minute to serve

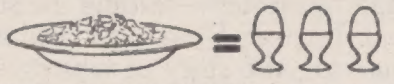
IT'S sweeping the country — this marvellous discovery of a delicious breakfast that takes only 30 seconds to serve.

Everyone says Kellogg's Corn Flakes are the best they've ever tasted. They're so much fresher and crisper. And there's a special inner "Waxtite" wrapper to keep them crisp to the last mouthful. Sustaining, too. Actually a plateful of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 eggs.

Serve Kellogg's — the 30-second breakfast — tomorrow morning. See how much time it saves you! And your family will love Kellogg's! At your grocer's, 5½d. a packet.

Scientific Proof

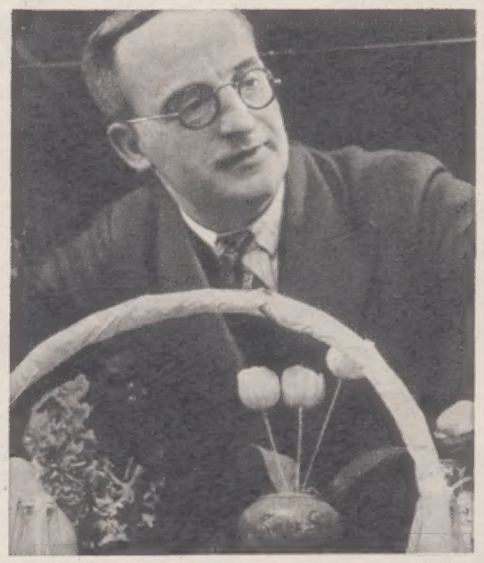
of the great energy-giving power of the "30-SECOND BREAKFAST"



An analysis made at a leading dietetic laboratory shows that a bowlful of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 eggs. That is why workers find the 30-second breakfast so sustaining.

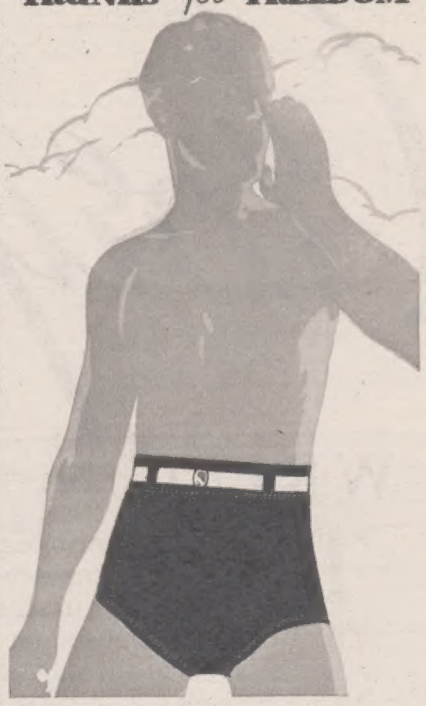
FINE FEATHERS! Here you see Miss Wareing, dressmaker of Preston, fitting a small client. "I can't work on a heavy breakfast," Miss Wareing says: "That's why I always have Kellogg's. And they're so crisp — far nicer than any other cereal I've ever tasted."

UP AND DOING! Miss Rose Dodd, domestic help, of Herne Hill, London, gets her mother's breakfast and her own every morning before she goes to work. She says: "The 30-second breakfast saves me time and trouble. It means I can have a good breakfast with no worry or rushing. I save money on it, too — the big packet lasts so long."



EARLY BIRD! It's the early bird that catches the trade in the fruit business. "Thanks to my 30-second breakfast of Kellogg's I'm always on time," says Mr. Simpson, of Busby, Glasgow. "I like them better, too — they're so crisp and tasty. And ask my mother about Kellogg's! She says they save her no end of time and trouble."

TRUNKS *for* FREEDOM



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The PASSING SHOW
No. 331. Vol. 7. JULY 23, 1938

He would sit silent while Meyer told a great tale of Indians

NOT A FIGHTING MAN

Jacob, a wandering Jew, with a scholar's love of learning, went to the great open spaces in search of freedom. But he was no man to fight the wilderness, where lay wealth and adventure, until he had been inspired by love

BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

ILLUSTRATED BY LANCE CATTERMOLE

IT goes back to the early days, may God profit all who lived then, and their ancestors.

Well, America, you understand, in those days was different. It was a nice place, but you wouldn't believe it if you saw it to-day. Without buses, without trains, without States, without presidents, nothing! With nothing but colonies and Indians and wild woods all over the country and wild animals to live in the wild woods. Imagine such a place! In these days, you children don't even think about it—you read about it in the school books, but what is that? And I put in a call to my daughter in California and in three minutes I am saying, "Hello, Rosie," and there it is Rosie and she is telling me about the weather, as if I wanted to know. But things were not always that way—I remember my own days and they were different. And in the times of my grandfather's grandfather, they were different still. Listen to the story.

My grandfather's grandfather was Jacob Stein, and he came from Rettelheim in Germany. To Philadelphia he came, an orphan in a sailing ship, but not a common man. He had learning—he had been to the chedar—he could have been a scholar among the scholars. Well, that is the way things happen, in this bad world. There was a plague and a new Grand Duke—things are always so. He would say little of it afterwards—they had left his teeth in his mouth, but he would say little of it. He did not have to say—we are children of the Dispersion—we know a black day when it comes.

Yet imagine—a young man with fine dreams and learning—a scholar with a pale face and narrow shoulders—set down in those early days in such a new country. Well, he must work, and he did. It was very fine, his learning, but it did not fill his mouth. He must carry a pack on his back and go from door to door with it. That was no disgrace; it was so that many began. But it was not expounding the law and at first he was very homesick. He would sit in his room at night, with the one candle, and read the preacher, Koheleth, till the bitterness of the preacher rose in his mouth. Myself, I am sure that Koheleth was a great preacher—but, if he had had a good wife, he would have been a more cheerful man. They had too many wives in those old days—it confused them. But Jacob was young.

As for the new country where he had come, it was to him a place of exile, large and frightening. He was glad to be out of the ship but, at first, that was all. And when he saw his first real Indian in the street—well, that was a day! But the Indian—a tame one—bought a ribbon from him by signs and, after that, he felt better. Nevertheless, it seemed to him at times that the straps of the pack cut into his very soul.

All the same, he was a polite young man and a hardworking one. And soon he had a stroke of luck—or, at first, it seemed so. It was from Simon Ettelsohn that he got the trinkets for his pack—and one day he found Simon Ettelsohn arguing a point of the law with a friend—for Simon was a pious man and well thought of in the congregation Mikve-Israel. Our grandfather's grandfather stood by very modestly at first—he had come to replenish his pack and Simon was his employer. But finally, his heart moved within him—for both men were wrong—and he spoke and told them where they erred.

For half an hour he spoke, with his pack still upon his shoulders, and never has a text been expounded with more complexity, not even by the great Reb Samuel Till. In the end, Simon Ettelsohn threw up his hands and called him a young David and a candle of learning. Also, he allowed him a more profitable route of trade. But, best of all, he invited Jacob to his house—and there

(*please turn over*)

Jacob ate well for the first time since he had come to Philadelphia. Also, he laid eyes upon Miriam Ettelsohn for the first time—and she was Simon's youngest daughter and a rose of Zion.

After that, things went better for Jacob—for the protection of the strong is like a rock and a well. But yet things did not go altogether as he wished. For, at first, Simon Ettelsohn made much of him—and there was stuffed fish and raisin-wine for the young scholar, though he was a pedlar. But there is a look in a man's eyes that says, "H'm? Son-in-law?"—and that look Jacob did not see. He was modest—he did not expect to win the maiden overnight, though he longed for her. But, gradually, it was borne in upon him what he was in the Ettelsohn house—a young scholar to be shown before Simon's friends—but a scholar whose learning did not fill his mouth. He did not blame Simon for it, but it was not what he had intended. He began to wonder if he would ever get on in the world at all—and that is not good for any man.

Nevertheless, he could have borne it—and the aches and pains of his love—had it not been for Meyer Kappelhuist. Now there was a pushing man. I speak no ill of any one, not even of your Aunt Cora, and she can keep the de Groot silver if she finds it in her heart to do so—who lies down in the straw with a dog, gets up with fleas. But this Meyer Kappelhuist! A big, red-faced fellow from Holland, with shoulders the size of a barn door and red hair on the backs of his hands. A big mouth for eating and drinking and telling schnorrer stories—and he talked about the Kappelhuists in Holland till you'd think they were made of gold. The crane says "I am really a peacock—at least on my mother's side." And yet, a thriving man—that could not be denied. He had started with a pack, like our grandfather's grandfather—and now he was trading with the Indians and making money hand over fist. It seemed to Jacob that he could never go to the Ettelsohn house without meeting Meyer Kappelhuist and hearing about those Indians. And it dried the words in Jacob's mouth and made his heart burn.

For, no sooner would our grandfather's grandfather begin to expound a text or a proverb than he would see Meyer Kappelhuist looking at the maiden. And when Jacob had finished his expounding and there should have been a silence, Meyer Kappelhuist would take it upon himself to thank him—but always in a tone that said, "The Law is the Law and the Prophets are the Prophets, but prime beaver is also prime beaver, my little scholar!" It took the pleasure from Jacob's learning and the joy of the maiden from his heart. Then he would sit, silent and burning, while Meyer told a great tale of Indians, slapping his hand on his knees. And, in the end, he was always careful to ask Jacob how many needles and pins he had sold that day—and when Jacob told him, he would smile and say very smoothly that all things had small beginnings, and the maiden herself could not keep from a little smile. Then, desperately, Jacob would rack his brains for more interesting matter—he would tell of the Wars of the Maccabees and the glory of the Temple. But, even as he told them, he felt they were far away. Whereas Meyer and his accursed Indians were there—and the maiden's eyes shone at his words.

Finally, he took his courage in both hands and went to Simon Ettelsohn. It took much for him to do it, for he had not been brought up to strive with men, but with words. But it seemed to him now that everywhere he went he heard of nothing but Meyer Kappelhuist and his trading with the Indians, till he thought it would drive him mad. So he went to Simon Ettelsohn in his shop.

"I am weary of this narrow trading in pins and needles," he said, without more words.

Simon Ettelsohn looked at him keenly, for while he was an ambitious man, he was kindly as well.

"Nu," he said. "A nice little trade you have and the people like you. I myself started in with less. What would you have more?"

"I would have much more," said our grandfather's grandfather, stiffly. "I would have a wife and a home in this new country. But how shall I keep a wife? On needles and pins?"

"Nu, it has been done," said Simon Ettelsohn, smiling a little. "You are a good boy, Jacob, and we take an interest in you. Now, if it is a question of marriage—there are many worthy maidens. Asher Levy, the baker, has a daughter—it is true that she squints a little but her heart is of gold——" He folded his hands and smiled.

"It is not of Asher Levy's daughter I am thinking," said Jacob, taken aback. Simon Ettelsohn nodded.

"Nu, Jacob," he said, "I see what is in your heart. Well, you are a good boy, Jacob, and a fine scholar. And, if it were in the old country, I am not saying. But here, I have one daughter married to a Seixas and one to a da Silva. You must see that makes a difference." And he smiled the smile of a man well-pleased with his world.

"And, if I were such a one as Meyer Kappelhuist?" said Jacob, bitterly.

"Now—well—that is a little different," said Simon Ettelsohn, sensibly. "For Meyer trades with the Indians. It is true, he is a little rough. But he will die a rich man."

"I will trade with the Indians, too," said Jacob.

Simon Ettelsohn looked at him as if he had gone out of his mind. He looked at his narrow shoulders and his scholar's hands.

"Now, Jacob," he said, soothingly, "do not be foolish. A scholar you are and learned, not an Indian trader. Perhaps in a store you would do better—I can speak to Aaron Copras. And, sooner or later, we will find you a nice maiden. But to trade with Indians—well, that takes a different sort of man. Leave that to Meyer Kappelhuist."

"And your daughter, that rose of Sharon? Shall I leave her, too, to Meyer Kappelhuist?" cried Jacob.

Simon Ettelsohn looked uncomfortable.

"Nu, Jacob," he said. "Well, it is not settled, of course. But——"

"I will go forth against him as David went against Goliath," said our grandfather's grand-

Jacob's flinging the bowl proved that he was mad, for a sane man would not have done so.

father, wildly. "I will go forth into the wilderness. And God judge the better man!"

Then he flung his pack on the floor and strode from the shop. Simon Ettelsohn called out after him but he did not stop for that. Nor was it in his heart to go and seek the maiden. Instead, when he was in the street, he counted the money he had. It was not much. He had meant to buy his trading-goods on credit from Simon Ettelsohn, but now he could not do that. He stood in the sunlit street of Philadelphia, like a man bereft of hope.

Nevertheless, he was stubborn—though how stubborn he did not yet know. And, though he was bereft of hope, he found his feet taking him to the house of Raphael Sanchez.

Now, Raphael Sanchez could have bought and sold Simon Ettelsohn twice over. An arrogant old man he was, with fierce, black eyes and a beard that was whiter than snow. He lived apart, in his big house, with his granddaughter—and men said he was very learned but also very disdainful—and that to him a Jew was not a Jew who did not come of the pure Sephardic strain. Now Jacob had seen him, in the congregation Mikve-Israel—and to Jacob he had looked like an eagle and fierce as an eagle. Yet, now, in his need, he found himself knocking at that man's door.

It was Raphael Sanchez himself who opened. "And what is for sale to-day, pedlar?" he said, looking scornfully at Jacob's jacket where the pack-straps had worn it.

"A scholar of the law is for sale," said Jacob, in his bitterness, and he did not speak in the tongue he had learned in this country, but in Hebrew.

The old man stared at him a moment.

"Now am I rebuked," he said, "for you have the tongue. Enter, my guest," and Jacob touched the scroll by the doorpost and went in.

They shared the noon meal at Raphael Sanchez's table—it was made of dark, glowing mahogany, and the light sank into it as sunlight sinks into a pool. There were many precious things in that room, but Jacob had no eyes for them. When the meal was over and the blessing said, he opened his heart and spoke and Raphael Sanchez listened, stroking his beard with one hand. When the young man had finished, he spoke.

"So, scholar," he said, though mildly, "you have crossed an ocean that you might live and not die—and yet all you see is a girl's face."

"Did not Jacob serve seven years for Rachel?" said our grandfather's grandfather.

"Twice seven, scholar," said Raphael Sanchez, dryly, "but that was in the blessed days." He stroked his beard again. "Do you know why I came to this country?" he said.

"No," said Jacob Stein.

"It was not for the trading," said Raphael Sanchez. "My house has lent money to kings. A little fish—a few furs—what are they to my house? No, it was for the promise—the promise of Penn—that this land should be a habitation and a refuge, not only for the Gentiles. Well, we know Christian promises. But so far, it has been kept. Are you spat upon in the street here, scholar of the law?"

"No," said Jacob. "They call me Jew, now and then. But the Friends, though Gentiles, are kind."

"It is not so in all countries," said Raphael Sanchez, with a terrible smile.

"No," said Jacob, quietly, "it is not."

The old man nodded his head.

"Yes, one does not forget that," he said. "The spittle wipes off the cloth but one does not forget. One does not forget the persecutor or the persecuted. That is why they think me mad, in the congregation Mikve-Israel, when I speak what is in my mind. For, look you——" and he pulled a map from a drawer, "here is what we know of these colonies—and here and here our people make a new beginning, in another air. But here is New France—see it?—and down the great river come the French traders and their Indians."

"Well?" said Jacob, in puzzlement.

"Well?" said Raphael Sanchez. "Are you blind? I do not trust the King of France—his father drove out the Huguenots and who knows what he may do? And, if they hold the great rivers against us, we shall never go westward."

"We?" said Jacob, in bewilderment.

"We," said Raphael Sanchez. He struck his hand on the map. "Oh, they cannot see it in Europe—not even their lords in parliament and their ministers of state," he said. "They think this is a mine, to be worked as the Spaniards worked Potosi, but it is not a mine. It is something beginning to live and it is faceless and nameless yet. But it is our lot to be part of it—remember that in the wilderness, my young scholar of the law. You think you are going there for a girl's face and that is well enough. But you may find something there you did not expect to find."

He paused and his eyes had a different look.

"You see, it is the trader, first," he said. "Always the trader, before the settled man. The Gentiles will forget that and some of our own folk, too. But one pays for the land of Canaan; one pays in blood and sweat."

Then he told Jacob what he would do for him and dismissed him and Jacob went home to his room with his head buzzing strangely. For at times, it seemed to him that the congregation Mikve-Israel was right in thinking Raphael Sanchez half mad. And, at other times, it seemed to him that the old man's words were a veil and behind them moved and stirred some huge and unguessed shape. But, chiefly, he thought of the rosy cheeks of Miriam Ettelsohn.

It was with the Scotsman, McCampbell, that Jacob made his first trading journey. A strange man was McCampbell, with grim features and cold blue eyes, but strong and kindly, though silent, except when he talked of the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel. For it was his contention that they were the Indians beyond the Western Mountains and on this subject he would talk endlessly. Indeed, they had much profitable conversation, McCampbell quoting the doctrines of a rabbi called John Galvin and our grandfather's grandfather replying with Talmud and Torah till McCampbell would almost weep that such a honey-mouthed scholar should be destined to eternal damnation. Yet he did not treat our grandfather's grandfather as one destined to eternal damnation but as a man—and he, too, spoke of cities of refuge as a man speaks of realities, for his people had also been persecuted.

First, they left the city behind them and then the outlying towns and, soon enough, they were in the wilderness. It was very strange to Jacob Stein. At first, he woke at night and lay awake listening, while his heart pounded; and each rustle in the forest was the step of a wild Indian; and each screech of an owl in the forest the whoop before the attack. But, gradually, this passed. He began to notice how silently the big man, McCampbell, moved in the woods—he began to imitate him. He began to learn many things that even a scholar of the law, for all his wisdom, does not know—the girthing of a packsaddle and the making of fires, the look of dawn in the forest and the look of evening. It was all very new to him and sometimes he thought he would die of it, for his flesh weakened. Yet always he kept on.

When he saw his first Indians—in the woods, not in the town—his knees knocked together. They were there as he had dreamt of them in dreams, and he thought of the spirit Iggereth-beth-Mathlan and her seventy-eight dancing demons, for they were painted and in skins. But he could not let his knees knock together before heathens and a Gentile, and the first fear passed. Then he found they were grave men, very ceremonious and silent, at first, and then, when the silence had been broken, full of curiosity. They knew McCampbell, but him they did not know, and they discussed him and his garments with the frankness of children, till Jacob felt naked before them and yet not afraid. One of them pointed at the phylactery at his neck—then McCampbell said something, and the brown hand dropped quickly, but there was a buzz of talk. Later on, McCampbell explained to him that they, too, wore phylacteries—little bags of deerskin and inside them sacred objects—and they thought, seeing his, that he must be a person of some note. It made him wonder. It made him wonder more to eat deer meat with them, by a fire.

It was a green world and a dark one that he had fallen in—dark with the shadow of the forest, green with its green. Through it, ran trails and paths that were not yet roads or highways—that did not have the dust and smell of the cities of men, but another scent, another look. These paths Jacob noted carefully, making a map, for that was one of the instructions of Raphael Sanchez. It seemed a great

(*please turn over*) *to p* 32

Street scene in Akureyri, a Northern Iceland town, on the Arctic Circle

Hot springs which form the Great Geyser

DAYLIGHT SAVING HOLIDAY

Iceland can be a grand place for holidays, even though it is the birthplace of depressions. For the sun always shines to-morrow and they guarantee twenty-four hours of daylight in the summertime

BY KURT LUBINSKI

(who also took the photographs)

Near Reykjavik, one of the hot springs has been constructed as a washing place for the inhabitants

I HAVE to thank the weather forecast for my first acquaintance with Iceland. "The depression, at present stationed over Iceland, is moving slowly towards the south-east . . ." said the radio. While I sat making notes, my relation to the notorious depressions was the most intimate.

For my tent was at the foot of the Long Glacier, my legs sticking into the Iceland-Danish mail bag No. 27/922, which, for some inconceivable reason discharged from service, was filled with the warm feathers of newly shot ptarmigans and hospitably sheltering my feet instead of the regulation postal packets. The rain was pattering on the wall of the tent and, outside, my three ponies were hanging their heads.

Only Eythor, my guide, was enjoying himself—contentedly chewing a lump of dried shark, an Iceland delicacy smelling stronger than gorgonzola cheese.

The frosty wind had broken a blue gap in the black bank of clouds above us and was driving the barricade slowly back, a low dark ceiling . . . "Depression."

Through the fluttering door-flap of the tent I watched the depressions moving towards the south-east, towards London, Amsterdam, Paris, Vienna . . . Poor Europe!

Holidays in Iceland began, for me, with an unusual journey on a ship cruising, for a fortnight, among all the lonesome fjords around the island. There were four cabin passengers; a merchant from Akureyri whose wife had melancholia, a not unusual thing here, from living half the year in the darkness of the polar winter and the other half in the sleep-killing brilliance of the polar summer.

There was an Icelander who had been in the United States, studying the manufacture of margarine. He spent all the time while we were at sea reading "True Love Stories from the Wild West," and proved to be an expert, not only in margarine manufacture, but also in his knowledge of American beauty queens.

An Iceland woman on board disappeared into her cabin, tall, blonde and lively and, at the first Iceland harbour, re-appeared on deck, tall, blonde, but pale. She belonged to a spiritualist circle in Reykjavik, and declared, "This year we shall have Conan Doyle in our midst."

Finally, there was a stowaway, a greenfinch that had flown aboard in the latitude of the Shetland Islands, but went ashore again as soon as we reached the Faroes. It had perched most of the time on our polar cargo, half a dozen cars, sheets of corrugated iron, lengths of timber, iron wire, everything for putting up houses quickly, wicker chairs and in one corner of the deck, a large, open box of freshly planted strawberries, a summer greeting to the midnight sun.

As our ship approached the east coast of Iceland, I stood on deck amazed. Sunshine at midnight. No beam came from the tall lighthouse guarding the entrance to the narrow bay of Djupivogur and, for the next four months, it would be of little use.

Protected from the spray by my yellow oilskins, I sat on a sack of cement among the cargo and tried to gauge this heavenly show. It had looked at 9 o'clock in the evening as though we were sailing into the sun. About a quarter to ten, the coast had begun to turn red as a rose. The snow on the heights was lilac and blue-grey shadows fell from the angular mountain-tops.

Towards ten o'clock, I could look at the sun without being dazzled. It glowed, round and clear as the moon, and now the polar sea shimmered green, blue and, along the path to the horizon, silver-white. For an hour its orange-coloured light slid slowly across a sky brighter and more limpid than I had ever seen before.

About midnight we entered the harbour. The air was crystal-clear. Fishing-boats met us and labourers came aboard. Nobody went to bed. I hired a pony on the quayside for the "night"—what a misleading word!—and rode out over the moors towards the sun, which was already beginning to climb again.

Imagine all the pleasures of the Tyrol; its mountains and its climbing parties set in the atmosphere of polar regions and you will realise what an Iceland journey means.

Now we are cruising round the north coast, which is far more temperate in climate than the southern part of Iceland because of the Gulf Stream. There are views that bewilder.

Remember, for instance, the scene as the ship, surrounded by thousands of dwarf penguins diving, accompanied for a space by an escort of leaping carefree dolphins, approaches the low black lava coast of Akureyri between high mountains. Think of the Iceland women, in dainty black caps with long, silver-decorated, Turkish tassels and fur-edged wraps, like the cloaks of old Gothic kings, proudly caught up on the shoulders, walking in the bright light of the evening sun.

Akureyri is the capital of North Iceland. There are not only moss huts and corrugated iron buildings, but also real stone houses, too. Cars and wooden-seated lorries carry the traffic. Their horns are really superfluous for the barking of dogs announce their approach everywhere and, often, I could not help thinking of old Constantinople or of an over-populated dogs' home.

Everywhere small, shaggy, ice-bears run, barking to the cars. Certainly, the peculiar noises of an Iceland "metropolis" take some getting used to.

There was one escape. I dug my heels into the pony's flanks and two minutes later we were at the foot of the mountains, by a waterfall at the edge of the snow, surrounded by the majestic silence of Iceland, as individual a characteristic as the noise.

For Icelanders, Akureyri is something of a seaside resort and a seaside resort must be smart. So do not get any wrong impressions. Its women know the true use of contrast. I have often seen the same woman, strolling one day in national costume with the black wrap and her long plait hanging down from the little cap; the next day out visiting in the latest summer frock.

The wealthiest business man in Akureyri owes much of his success to the fact that, one day, he had the bright idea of painting over his wooden shop five, giant, glamorous letters: P A R I S.

There is a café, too, in Akureyri. On its own line of longitude, 18 degrees west of Greenwich, it is certainly the most northerly in the world and this gives it every justification for its name, "North Pole Café." Of course, I had to go there. And with its white corrugated iron, yellow beams and blue window frames it looked very inviting. A fishing net, a pair of gauntlets, half a dozen herrings and a woman's skirt were hanging outside to dry.

A peasant woman served me. Iceland is a "dry" country and so I very properly ordered "milk."

The woman grinned.

"You can have some good strong, beer," she said.

Smuggled, of course. It was obviously one of the speak-easies for the 4,000 French, English and Danish seamen who come here in July, with thirsty throats, to salt their catch of herrings. Salting, as you'd expect, is thirsty work.

Prohibition in Iceland has its own twist. Fifteen years ago, Spain made it clear that she would not take shiploads of dried fish from an Iceland that, under prohibition, had no use for Spanish wine. Since then, the State monopolies have included sweet Spanish wine, some Rhenish, champagne, and a very weak beer. Never in the States did I hear the single word whisky spoken of with such reverence; never before have I realised how many flasks can be got into one hip-pocket.

Of course, the police usually turn a blind eye on the milder cases. There are nine cells in Reykjavik Prison. They are usually empty. Two are for drunks in different stages: one furnished with a hammock; the other with a box-shaped bed where the prisoner sinks into helpless depths. When I arrived—as a visitor, you understand—a French pilot happened to be locked up in one of the cells for smuggling alcohol.

"The time drags," he said, "but you can't blame the Icelanders."

Alcohol was permitted on our ship only while we were on the high seas. When we lay to, wherever it was, lots of people came aboard who urgently wanted to visit intimate friends. Later they would go ashore talking loudly or singing to themselves.

A waiter always stands, by pure chance, near the gangway and disappears, by pure chance, as soon as the sheriff is sighted on his way to the ship. But the sheriff has a civilian cap as well as his gold-braided official hat. When he is wearing this it is a sign that he, too, has come to visit a friend on board.

I shuddered. Holidays in Iceland? They need not be as rough as mine. There are many boats going direct to Reykjavik and Iceland's friendly capital is surrounded by some of the world's real wonders. The first view from the sea is of the skyline, made up of long rows of painted houses, a white building above, the National Library, and then innumerable clean, corrugated iron houses, brown, white and green.

"I imagined life in Reykjavik to be quite different, I wanted to live in peace and quietness with my husband," a young Danish girl who had married an Icelander said to me, somewhat wistfully.

The one thing to be avoided, at all costs, is boredom; there is nothing the Icelander dreads more. He sits for hours at the coffee table and however often guests may come during the day, the whole family drinks with each party and listens to the small talk.

Really, everything is quite different here. When fishwives want to do their washing they don't need any coal, for Reykjavik, (the name actually means "The Bay of Smoke,") has a public wash-house of no greater charge on the rates than the cost of fixing iron gratings over the springs that send boiling water gushing out of the ground, so that nobody should fall in and be miserably boiled. I was at an Iceland farmer's who had simply connected a central heating plant to one of them, and it never needed a plumber.

Iceland was, in fact, called "Fire Land" by its first settlers, ninth-century Norwegian adventurers. There are two geysers, the famous Great Geyser consisting of a round crater pond overflowing with blue-black boiling water; and a smaller geyser which is, now, the more active of the two.

For ten hours, I rode through masses of black volcanic debris to get to the southernmost point of Iceland, Reykjanes (Smoke Ness,) on the Atlantic shore. This is the entrance to hell. The ground is so hot that the lighthouse keeper bakes his bread in a hole in the sand. From a distance, you would think the ground itself was on fire.

Gentle vapour suddenly gives place to a thunderous shower when some mighty subterranean engine begins to work and the glittering silver spiral of the Little Geyser springs high, filling the air with the brimstone fumes of hell.

The ponies shy, we ride to the lighthouse, sit in the best room and drink coffee. Suddenly, there is a rumble, the ground trembles, the house shakes, the chairs vibrate and spoons rattle. The housewife smiles.

"An earthquake," she remarks. "We have them every day in Reykjanes."

Perhaps you are not fond of earthquakes. But if the white wonder of the glacier, the glow of unleashed volcanic power, the solitude of boundless moors, the riding of footsure ponies do not please you, then I can only conclude that you are an angler.

Have you, therefore, ever dreamt of mountain streams full of fish? Then you dreamt of Iceland waters. You were in Laxamyri.

English anglers sit on the river banks there and land the most magnificent salmon. Local fishermen catch ten times as many with a box, constructed like a humane mouse-trap, but the sportsmen pretend not to notice.

So I am sitting in my little tent, watching a depression over Iceland, at the foot of the endless glacier after five days' hard riding. Just now we had to cross a stream. Down from the saddle and with many a "Birre, birre, birre!" we encouraged the ponies onwards and they swam bravely straight across the stream and wallowed happily in the sand on the other side.

On the bank, there was a tiny house, built of loose lumps of lava and inside it lay two boats for the use of lonely travellers. On the other bank, we buried our boat carefully in an equally quickly constructed house, for anyone riding to the glacier has to come back again. There is no path beyond this vast, white plain.

In front of our tent, masses of ice flow slowly into a lake like a moving stairway. The Icelanders call it "White Water." Blocks of blue ice, like ships, slip along and swans, hundreds of powerful white swans, stretch their necks towards us. Wild ducks send up their shrill cry, curlews call like telephones, plovers peep out of the grass and run towards us inquisitively, and the ponies, with touching care, make their way among the many nests in the moss which hold broods of downy young birds.

Holiday for man and beast.

Mother and child in Reykjavik, capital of Iceland, with hair in long plaits as is the custom. Below, the author on an Iceland pony in front of his tent.

Second of a series of adventures in which fiction's most amusing Cockney becomes a jungle goddess

ELIZABETH WITH A HANG-OVER

Most amazing of all serving maids, Elizabeth, full of pert Cockney wit and philosophy, finds herself the leading lady of the lost tribe of Mtangulizi, merely because she had bought their most sacred Ju-Ju in an antique shop. Her guide to this strange new land: Rusty Brown, a wandering American.

BY FLORENCE KILPATRICK

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT WILKINSON

RUSTY BROWN lacked imagination and had but one ambition. This had taken root as soon as he became a wage-earner—working fifty hours a week in a meat-packing factory in East St. Louis, with but five dollars in his pay envelope at the end of it. He became steadily resolved to acquire a ranch, with a shack built to his own ideas and a life of freedom ahead.

The passing years brought him no nearer his goal. His varied and ever-changing jobs offered little opportunity to save . . . until he took to flying as a career. Here his lack of imagination stood him in good stead. Almost unable to visualise danger, he took risks casually and never turned down any enterprise, no matter how hazardous. In the days of Prohibition he had a prosperous period smuggling "hooch" into forbidden territory. When that racket was over—following a workless period, he was engaged as pilot by a German Jew who was starting a small fleet of passenger planes in Kenya.

Rusty was not a popular pilot. Lean, angular, with a sulky expression, due to frustrated ambition and the knowledge that his hopes might never now be realised, he had begun to hate his job. He decided to quit it; and on the day he made up his mind on this point, he crashed.

He had been on a short flight from Naivasha to Nakuru. Owing to a delay in starting on the return journey, he was surprised by the sudden twilight of the tropics and lost his bearings over the Great Rift Valley. This did not trouble him unduly. He had plenty of gas . . . he looked confidently at the instrument panel. But a forced landing in East Africa had its awkward side, in more ways than one . . . you might get down all right. . . but in the wrong place; the game reserve, for example.

He circled, gained altitude, swung east . . . then, almost before he was aware of it, he had gone into a flat spin. There was a dizzying, roaring rushing sound . . . and with the grim philosophy of the unimaginative mind, he thought, "Durn it . . . this is the end and I ain't even begun to get a kick outa life."

The black-out that followed was prolonged. Four days, to be exact. Then Rusty opened his eyes again, profoundly surprised to find that he was still alive. Three men stood guard over him—men whom he took to be natives . . . yet they were totally unlike the Kikuyus and Swahilis he had already encountered.

They were olive-skinned with straight noses, their jet black hair, which they wore long, was smooth and sleek.

Observing that he had recovered consciousness, one of them put a cup to his lips. Rusty drank and, soon after, fell into a deep sleep. When he awoke he felt strengthened and completely refreshed; gradually the events leading up to his crash came into his mind. Observing that the same three men were still mounting guard over him, he addressed them in Swahili and was puzzled to observe that he was only imperfectly understood.

He was even more puzzled by his surroundings. The apartment in which he was lying was arched and domed like a cathedral, being carved out of solid stone, which was translucent in appearance. At intervals in the walls were niches containing peculiarly repulsive looking images of Ju-Jus.

"Looks like a swell kinda funeral parlour," reflected Rusty, uneasily. Knowing something of the customs of heathen tribes, he wondered if he were about to take part in a sacrificial ceremony, with himself as the leading figure. Stirred into action at the thought, he sprang up and indicated that he wished to be taken before the chief of the tribe.

This time his wishes were correctly interpreted. And when he stood before the majestic figure of the chief, he knew that this was a leader of no ordinary tribe. There were signs of the highest civilisation in the exquisite carving of the gold and ivory throne and the massive doors of tulip wood, in the fine embroidering of the silken garments worn by the chief and his officers. Rusty considered the enormous stones set in the bracelets and ornaments that even the men affected in this strange country, and his eyes widened.

"Gosh . . . if the sparklers are real, why, that guy must be wearing a million dollars' worth!" The thought set up a new train of ideas. *If they were real* . . . if he could collect a bunch of the stuff and make a getaway . . . oh boy, what a future he'd have!

Only a brief conversation with the chief, however, quickly dispelled his ambitions towards a "getaway." It appeared that his plane had crashed into the Sacred Valley of Thahabu which, because of its situation, was almost impregnable. Those explorers, however, who had succeeded in "discovering" Thahabu were not allowed to depart.

This was the point where Rusty's uneasiness augmented. His thoughts turned once more to that "swell funeral parlour," and his relief was unbounded when the chief remarked. "Your life will be spared. Our wise men have predicted your coming. We have need of you."

What this "need" was, Rusty only discovered when he heard of the legend of the Sacred Ju-Ju. It had been stolen from them nearly two hundred years previously and got out of the country. It was predicted that it would be returned to them "by a woman of the white-face tribe."

"According to our wise men she will not arrive before many moons," the chief explained. "But we shall be prepared. In the meantime, you shall teach my people your language, which is also hers."

Rusty was relieved at this respite which gave him "time to look around". Admittedly he did not take the legend—or even the wise men—very seriously. This idea of teaching these native guys English was "nuts," but he could take his bearings and find a way of escape.

That was before he discovered the nature of the country into which he had descended. This sheltered, fertile valley had a wonderful climate; here flowers

"It's my mascot," said Elizabeth. "I'll say it is. Well, hold on to it baby, you're going to be the big noise in this burg"

of all seasons bloomed at once, fruit grew in profusion, life was untouched by the ordinary cares of existence. And Rusty realised that he had at last achieved his ambition. This was even better than the ranch he had longed to own. For now he had an abundance of willing servants who worked without payment. What could mere money mean to dwellers in Thahabu, which meant "The Place of Gold." They possessed fabulous stores of wealth. Even the commonest utensils were fashioned of gold, the humblest of the natives wore ornaments studded with precious stones.

Rusty found the natives more than ordinarily intelligent. They applied themselves to the lessons he taught them, patiently picking up the queer jargon of American slang which he confidently termed "English." When they understood him, he decided to work a little social reform, for he observed, with decided uneasiness, their fondness for making blood sacrifice to their Ju-Jus.

He would address them in the great reception hall of the chief :

"Now, looka here, you guys, I gotta hand it to this li'l' burg. You've about everything that makes life worth living—and then some. You've no need to make up to any durned idol, because you're sitting on top of the woild right now. You're top dogs, see? Yes, sir. You aint got nothing to worry about. You've no call to make sacrifices. You get me?"

The natives gathered round him, nodded solemnly. "Sure." After a time, Rusty's anxieties on this score vanished. He found the natives docile and friendly. Under his instructions they built him a house after his own heart . . . a mixture of a Colonial dwelling and a Chicago boarding house. They fashioned furniture according to his crude ideas. He taught them to raise tobacco plants, to dry and roll the weed for his use. He showed them how to qualify the headiness of their native wine. Rusty settled down in Thahabu, happy for the first time in his life.

And now, after three years of this earthly paradise, there came an unexpected blow which shattered his tranquility and peace of mind. The prophecy which the wise men foretold—and at which he had always secretly scoffed—came true. A woman of the white-face tribe came to Thahabu, bringing with her the Sacred Ju-Ju.

How amazed Elizabeth would have been to hear herself thus described; how flattered, too, to know that this trip to Africa with her employers had been predicted for hundreds of years !

The Ju-Ju she had bought as a mascot at an Indian *duka* when they were passing through Nairobi on their way up-country. And ever since she had been involved in a bewildering series of adventures.

It was Megan, a settler on the Kinankopf and a friend and neighbour of Henry and Netta Warrington, Elizabeth's employers, who first discovered the significance of Elizabeth's mascot. It was he who declared it had belonged to the lost Mtangulizi tribe and, after finding a plan concealed in the hollow centre of the Ju-Ju, had induced them to set out on an expedition in search of the Mtangulizi who, according to legend, had a vast accumulation of wealth.

Elizabeth, as owner of the Ju-Ju, had insisted on joining the party. But how deeply had she regretted this owing to subsequent distressing experiences. Twice, during the toilsome journey, had she given her mistress a month's notice.

"An' if ever I get back alive, the only travellin' I'll ever do again will be on the tube," she declared.

How the party actually arrived at Thahabu, Rusty did not learn until later. But regarding the confident bearing of Elizabeth's angular form as she stood before the chief, her pert expression, he decided that to manage her was not going to be easy.

The rest of the party presented no difficulties. Megan . . . a big bluff Irishman, organiser of the expedition, Netta and Henry Warrington, an amiable couple who seemed as strangely out of place in Thahabu as the pert Cockney, Elizabeth.

When the time came for Rusty to interview the party alone, he regarded them with gloom and bitterness.

"I've got the lowdown on all of you," he said. "I reckon you're going to be sorry you came here."

Elizabeth, sensing his hostility, tossed her head disdainfully. "*Indeed?* Fancy yourself, don't you? Think you're cock o' the walk, an' don't want anyone else buttin' in."

He shrugged his shoulders. "You needn't try to high-hat me. You'd better all come over to my place and we can talk turkey, see?"

They followed him to his house, which was set amongst the trees and approached by a winding path, bordered by Jackaranda trees in full bloom. The verandah led on to a courtyard in the centre of which, a fountain sparkled in the sunshine.

"I reckon I've dug myself in here pretty snug," he remarked. "I'd as soon live at the top of the Empire State Building as in one o' them marble cathedrals like the chief's." He clapped his hands and a native girl appeared on the verandah with a tray of cups and a tall jug, which she set on the table. "Try some of this liquor," he went on. "One thing they make better here than any place in the woild, I guess. But go slow with it . . . or you'll soon be seeing stars. You gotta keep yourselves in form for to-night."

"What is happening to-night?" demanded Megan.

"The li'l' ole home-town is having a beano . . . just one big celebration . . . on your account. Their wise guys have been seeing your arrival for a hundred years or so. You can betcha life they'll do it in style—having waited for so long."

"I think I understand," said Megan. "We've brought back the Sacred Ju-Ju?"

"Yep. It was stolen from the Ju-Ju Temple and oh, boy, how they love that durned Ju-Ju." He turned to Elizabeth. "It belongs to this dame, I guess?"

"It's my mascot," declared Elizabeth, proudly.

"I'll say it is. Well, hold on to it, baby. As Keeper of the Ju-Ju you're going to be the big noise of this burg. You'll be a step higher than the chief. They're going to make you ruler of Thahabu. The crowning ceremony is fixed for to-night."

"Impossible !" said Megan.

"The idea's too grotesque to consider," put in Henry.

"Grotesque—it's absurd," said Netta, laughing unrestrainedly.

Elizabeth regarded them coldly and set her cup on the table. The potent liquor she had drunk was working in her veins, so that her lively mind—soaring beyond the realms of reason—saw nothing particularly unusual in the idea of her wearing a crown. Let them laugh. Absurd was it? Impossible? *Indeed.* Well, they'd soon see who was top dog.

"You can thank your lucky stars that the native guys are friendly," went on Rusty. "Their slogan with all strangers is 'kill at sight.' Queer place, this. Yes, sir ! They've got more treasure here than the rest of the woild put together, I reckon. And gold . . . well, that's how it came that they called their home-town the Place of Gold . . . notice how everything is made of it . . . these cups . . . the jug, the tray . . . all the chief's apartments are paved with it. And the guys think no more of gold than you and I might think of aloominium. As for diamonds, emeralds and so on, they're so many pebbles on the beach to the natives.

(*please turn over*)

"It's like a page from the Arabian Nights," said Henry, awed.

"Orl the jools the natives are wearin' are reel, you say?" gasped Elizabeth. "They aint the Woolworth kind?"

"So you've got on to the idea," replied Rusty, with sarcasm. "You're not such a dumb dora, after all."

She regarded him haughtily. "You're a bit too fresh. P'raps after to-night I shall make you keep your place. That is, if what you say is true an' I'm goin' to be boss 'ere."

"Of course it isn't true," put in Netta, briskly. "Have you taken leave of your senses, Elizabeth?"

"It's okay," said Rusty. "They're going to crown her all right. That's the foist ceremony. After that . . ." He paused and winked impressively at the others and then spat into the gold cuspidor at his feet.

Elizabeth had pinched herself several times to make sure it was true. She had murmured that she was going through a dream from which the shrill tones of the alarm clock would surely soon waken her to the daily commonplace routine of domestic work. She had been attired in a royal garment of silk embroidered with gold thread; ornaments, bracelets, chain and a jewelled belt had been placed on her lank form. And now she was being carried on a canopied litter at the head of a procession by four of the chief's chosen warriors. On either side of her marched musicians playing queer native instruments. Girls clad in white gowns and garlanded with roses, flung flowers as the litter approached.

They had reached the vast ceremonial hall, at the end of which was a raised throne. Before it, the bearers of the litter paused and assisted Elizabeth to descend. Unfortunately, as she mounted the steps of the throne, the flowing silk garment she wore became entangled with her feet and she fell awkwardly. But only one person laughed and that was Netta, whose sense of humour had once more been too much for her restraint. Mortified, Elizabeth rose, disentangled herself and glared around, her wrathful glance resting on Netta as she was assisted to mount the throne; and in that moment she planned a spectacular revenge.

It was the chief himself—assisted by Rusty—who placed the crown on her brow. With raised chin, she glanced haughtily in the direction of Rusty—to observe that he was giving her a broad wink. Success had already mounted to her brain; this lack of homage incensed her.

"If it's orl the same to you," she remarked to the chief, "I'd rather not be crowned by the likes of 'im." Contemptuously she jerked her thumb over her shoulder in the direction of Rusty.

"Okay, baby," said Rusty; and he gave her a mock bow which was even more impertinent than the wink, then ostentatiously retired. The next step in the ritual was the drinking of the ceremonial wine. This was presented to Elizabeth in an enormous goblet.

She shook her head vigorously. "I ain't been used to drinking from a quart pot," she declared, and it was some time before she could be induced to take the wine. But it sent an agreeable glow through her. Regrettably it must also be admitted that it magnified her sense of power. Arrogantly she demanded that the members of her own party—Megan, Henry and Netta should make obeisance before her.

The feast that followed the crowning ceremony was the most amazing item in the evening's programme. Hundreds of guests sat at the long tables set out in a hall which Elizabeth computed must be as large as Waterloo Station. Thirty courses, exclusive of side dishes, were served.

"Thirty courses . . . just think of the washin' up there'll be!" she meditated and exulted because never again would that hated task of washing up be hers. Although the wine was now coursing madly through her veins, she was still able to consider the menu and reflect on some of the unusual items of it. Peacocks' tongues, for example . . . thank goodness, she'd never been asked to turn out a dish like that. You'd want a lot of those, too, to make even a mouthful.

The feasting lasted many hours, but of the subsequent entertainment . . . the performance of the dancing girls, the torchlight procession, Elizabeth had only a faint recollection, owing to the ceremonial wine getting to her head.

She awoke next morning wondering why the world was going round and round very quickly while she alone remained stationary. From a welter of confused dreams she opened her eyes and gazed at the silk canopy above.

It was true, then—those amazing scenes last night of which she was the centre . . . the feasting, the dancing girls, the torchlight procession . . . why, it was grander than the Military Tattoo . . . and all for her!

Elizabeth tried to recall the later happenings which had become so blurred and confused. For one thing, she had felt unusually eloquent. She had a recollection of making a speech, interspersed with hiccoughs, her crown a little awry.

"P'raps I did tork too much," she meditated. "But was there any reason for folk to laugh at me?" The memory of Netta's mirth and Rusty Brown's guffaws rankled. "I'll make that pair sit up . . . 'Oo's cock o' the walk now, I'd like to know?"

Breakfasting, she considered her position. Her pert Cockney mind, quick to adapt itself to any situation, no longer marvelled unduly at this strange change in her fortunes. Her former life of domestic service now appeared so revolting that she felt indignant towards her employers, Henry and Netta. Former half-forgotten wrongs rose to her mind. That time when Netta had insisted that the veal chops should be fried in breadcrumbs and Elizabeth had declared herself for a batter. She had actually been compelled to submit . . . a cook of her standing.

Then an idea presented itself.

Elizabeth decided to hold a court that same morning. She commanded that Rusty as well as the rest of her party should present themselves before her.

"Well, Elizabeth, what does it feel like to be a queen?" demanded Henry, jocularly.

Elizabeth regarded him loftily and reflected that his borrowed garments ill became him; the peach silk toga with a golden girdle was scarcely suited to his personality.

"I hope you feel better this morning, Elizabeth," said Netta. "I should advise you to leave wine alone. Your head won't stand it."

Elizabeth drew herself up and breathed heavily through the nostrils. She had observed what she mentally termed the "bossy" tone of Netta's voice and resented it.

"When I want advice I'll arsk for it," she retorted. "An' not from someone 'oo won't admit when they're in the wrong."

Netta looked surprised. "In the wrong. What do you mean?"

"Folks 'oo ses that veal chops should be fried in breadcrumbs instead o' batter is wrong . . . see. Very well, then, let them admit it."

"What on earth is all this?" demanded Henry, reasonably bewildered.

"Aw, she's nuts," commented Rusty. "Risen too quick an' it's gone to her head. I should worry. Let her have enough rope and she'll hang herself."

In the weeks following, it certainly appeared that power was having an ill-effect on Elizabeth. She became despotic and overbearing. Her cheery good-nature vanished.

"If this goes on much longer she'll be ordering us to be beheaded," Henry remarked one day, after a monstrous display of arrogance on Elizabeth's part.

Rusty looked thoughtful. "Yeah. Someone's gotta put her wise." There was a grim look on his face, when, next day, he approached her in the room where she held council.

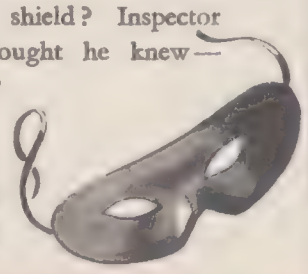
"Sorry if I'm butting in," he said, with an air of mock humility. "But seeing you're running this little show there's one or two things that you oughta know."

"Reely? Well, I don't expect to learn anythink from you," she retorted loftily.

"That's jest where you're wrong," retorted Rusty, with a sardonic grin. "Listen . . . you ain't never been told of the door in the giant Ju-Ju, now, have you?"

UNMASKED!

Who shot Joe Walsh? Why was he arrested later? Whom was he trying to shield? Inspector Pomeroy thought he knew—but did he?



FRANK KING has the answer **NEXT WEEK**

Despite her air of lofty indifference, Elizabeth was far from feeling at her ease in the Ju-Ju Temple where the party assembled that evening. It was an eerie place. The dim light of the oil lamps which stood before each Ju-Ju made the hideous images even more grotesque in the shadows. Bones which were on the altars, the remains of a sacrifice, and the smell of a charnel house mingled with incense, heightened the dismal impression.

Rusty led them to the giant Ju-Ju and pressed a spring in the back of it. A door slid back.

"Step right in . . . ladies foist," said Rusty, bowing with pretended gallantry to Elizabeth. She looked at the cavernous darkness beyond and drew back.

"I aint goin' in there."

"Oh, yeah? I thought you was so set on putting yourself foist, but if you'd sooner I led the way." He stepped in and the others followed. After stumbling in the darkness down a narrow flight of steps he led them into a tunnel which appeared to have been carved out of rock. The sides were slimy and humid, the ground slippery. Elizabeth, trembling with fear, would have loudly expressed her alarm . . . had she not remembered her new position of dignity. With what relief did she see a glimmer of light at the end of the tunnel. But when they emerged into an enormous cave, her relief was short-lived at the dreadful sight which met her eyes.

The lofty walls had a luminous quality, a sort of phosphorescent glow which enabled them to see clearly. Before a long table, carved out of solid rock, stood a throne. On either side of it were three seats and in the seats were skeletons, six in all. In the eye-sockets of each gleamed emeralds, rubies or the cold fire of diamonds.

"You see these guys?" said Rusty, breaking the horrified silence and indicating the skeletons. "They came to explore this country . . . and as you see, they've been durned unlucky. I told you these natives are up to no good and don't like strangers. These boys met their end in various ways . . . you've seen the sign of the Three-tongued Flame on the Ju-Jus? It means sacrifice by fire, water and blood. Well . . . I just hate having to put you wise about this—but when the moon is full there's going to be another sacrifice."

He looked at Elizabeth. There could be no mistaking the significance of his tone. Nor could she doubt his meaning. Clearly there came to her mind the recollection of the native girl's remark when she first arrived in Thahabu . . . that the owner of the Sacred Ju-Ju was destined to be gloriously sacrificed in its honour . . . what was that bit about having a choice of deaths? *Choice of deaths.* A mist came before her eyes, she trembled from head to foot. As she turned, with a yell of despair, to dash from the cave, she stumbled. Darkness descended upon her.

When the mists dispersed Elizabeth opened her eyes to find herself on a sofa in Rusty Brown's quarters. Netta was seated beside her. Returning consciousness brought a rush of dreadful memories. She sat up and stared wildly around.

"Was it true wot Rusty said . . . about me . . . an' . . . an' the sacrifice and orl that?"

"Of course it won't happen."

"'Ow do y-you know?"

"We're going to make an escape somehow," replied Netta, a note of conviction in her voice that she was far from feeling. "Don't worry. You'll be all right."

She put her arm round Elizabeth's shoulders. "Come . . . drink this wine. It will give you courage."

"I won't 'ave any more of their wine, thank you all the same, 'm. It's done me enough 'arm as it is."

Yes, indeed it had done her harm . . . that and many other things which had happened to her since she had arrived in this amazing and fearful country. Remembering her haughty, overbearing conduct, she lowered her head in shame. She longed to make amends, ask for pardon, but such words did not come easily to one of Elizabeth's assured Cockney spirit. She sought for expressions that would appear adequate and stammered:

"I want to tell you that you was right, 'm."

"Right, Elizabeth? About what?"

"Them veal chops, 'm. I'd no right to say wot I did about them. If I'm spared to get out o' this . . . if ever we get to our 'appy home . . . I'll never fry 'em in anythink but breadcrumbs again!"

NEXT WEEK:
The Getaway

COCKNEY IN THE COUNTRY

Being the first of a series of highly amusing incidents in the life of an author who found the ideal cottage

BY RALPH MICHAELIS

ILLUSTRATED BY BERTRAM PRANCE

REMOVAL men were working like giants in Lilliput, bumping their heads against the beams in the cottage ceiling, barking their elbows on the walls and becoming wedged in the miniature stairway.

Most of our furniture, which looked so unobtrusive in a London flat, was either too high to get under the ceiling or too fat to go through the door. So far, we had only been able to get the beds up the stairs, which simply refused to allow themselves to be negotiated by anything that was not similarly collapsible.

We made a great effort to induce them to allow right of way to a wardrobe; and the man at the bottom was telling the man at the top what he would do to him as soon as he got the wardrobe off his toe, when the discussion was interrupted by the arrival of the fish hawker.

"Would you like a nice piece of fish to-day, sir?" said the hawker. "I've got a lovely piece of plaice, or a bit of fresh cod, and delicious haddocks and kippers——"

"Ah, kippers!" I replied. "Would you like a nice wardrobe with mirrors on both sides of the door, built to take six gentlemen's suits or twelve ladies? You would? Splendid! Then give me a pair of kippers for it and help us to get it off that gentleman's toe."

Thus simply was the first of my removal problems solved; but there were others to come.

The men went backwards and forwards from the van, dumping tables, chairs, sideboards, overmantels, decapitated dressing-tables with drawers in close attendance, packing-cases full of books and crockery and blankets, and a thousand other inessentials.

Soon the place was jammed full of furniture, and it overflowed into the garden, lying all round the cottage like flotsam on the seashore after a storm.

Apparently, the men didn't care what became of it, so long as they got it out of their van. In the end, they just walled me in with packing-cases and drove off before I could get out. The sun was going down, splashing the western sky with red.

The views from every angle were superb. Only man and his belongings—how I hated those belongings!—were vile.

An ancient car drew up with the rattle of a hundred tin cans and a screech of brakes; and a jolly, fat man with a comic bowler hat on the back of his head dismounted.

"Do you require any paraffin oil, sir?"

Yes, of course, I must have oil. The stoves and lamps—wherever they are—need oil. One day I shall find them and light them and cook my kippers, and prise open a packing-case to find a plate and another to get at the frying pan, which, if I am lucky, will also contain a knife and fork. Oh, certainly, I shall require oil.

"Do you," I said, "require a polished oak dining-room table with five—yes five—extra leaves that will extend to about twice the length of this cottage? Of course you do not—and neither do I. Do you require a mahogany dressing-table with triptique mirrors, a Spanish wardrobe, an electric light standard in imitation bronze, an 'occasional' table, or a grandfather clock?

"No? Then let me introduce you to our chair department.

"You might do with one or two little things? That's great! May I trouble you to come round to our chair department in the front garden?

"Here we have a fine set of carved oak dining-room chairs covered in green leather. Or perhaps you would prefer something more delicate?—a set of Louis Seize style drawing-room chairs covered in that silk tapestry-looking stuff? And here, sir, under the hedge we have the carpet department. We are showing a very fine range of Turkey carpets to-day; but if it rains to-night, they may not be so fine in the morning, if you get my meaning.

"Just give me five gallons of paraffin and a tin of brown boot polish and take your choice."

He went his way rejoicing with a set of dining-room chairs, about fifty yards of stair carpet, and a roll of lino.

I began to breathe more freely, as the more hygienic of our novelists would say.

I had a good line of sales talk ready when the baker arrived; and he relieved me of a couple of beds in exchange for a week's supply of bread.

Flushed with my success, I offered the wine and spirit merchant a house-full of furniture for a small case of whisky. But there was nothing doing. It was out of licensing hours. The Puritans had thrown their usual spanner into the works of innocent enjoyment.

The question of finding quarters for the night now arose.

The beds had been erected upstairs; but through the insurmountable obstacles blocking the staircase, they were unapproachable except by way of the Lilliputian windows through which I might just be able to squeeze myself before, but certainly not after a meal.

In any case, a bare wire mattress makes a draughty kip, and I had no notion where the overlays and the bed clothes were. For all I knew the oilman might have taken them away wrapped in the stair carpet.

I decided to sleep in the car; but changed my mind when I saw the familiar green canvas tent bag protruding from the dickey. Unlike the late unlamented removal van, that bag was scientifically packed.

Everything came out in its right sequence—tent pegs—mallet—poles—tent, etc.

Within five minutes I had the tent erected in the orchard, complete with ground sheet, camp bed, with slippers beside it, sleeping bag, pillow, eiderdown, a candle burning on the collapsible table—my mirror and shaving tackle all laid out for the morning, wash basin and canvas bath and bucket ready outside.

Moving house is not a man's job, of course.

The hopeless chaos of it breaks his fine, proud spirit.

But a woman welcomes the chance of turning everything upside down. It stimulates her to feel that she is making a fresh start—even though it may be with the same man.

I was determined, therefore, that Fay, my wife, who was helping to make a film, and could not be released until Saturday, should not be cheated out of her pleasure.

So I left everything as it was until the week-end, and continued to camp in the orchard, cooking my food over a camp fire on the lid of a biscuit tin.

If our cottage had been in the east-end of London, we should have called it slum property. Perched up in splendid isolation on a ridge in the Chilterns, its picturesque air of mellow dilapidation is a priceless asset.

That, at any rate is what our landlord thought, when he assessed the rent. For only a townsman would "fall for" the country cottage ramp.

But I was born within earshot of Bow Bells—supposing the wind to be in the right direction and the bell-ringer sufficiently well primed—and I have all the cockney's pathetic longing for the wide open spaces that is so conspicuously lacking in the countryman.

Whenever I see a new house in the country, I start to rave about bungaloid growths; and I grow purple with indignation when a farmer ploughs over a footpath. My ideal is a dilapidated, picturesque, Tudor slum.

It was, therefore, a foregone conclusion that I should fall for the three-roomed thatched cottage that was offered to me at Buckshaw. For it is complete with every medieval inconvenience. There were no drains, electricity, gas or water supply—not even a well or a cess-pool.

Its one practical advantage over a modern building is the thatch, which keeps the place cool in summer and warm in winter; provides a home for countless birds, a winter refuge for rats, a breeding place for a bewildering variety of insects; and a club room for the various ghosts who share the cottage with us.

Next week : Hedging and Ditching.

WE were not looking forward to our visit to West Dumperley, for it was for the express purpose of "assisting" at a bazaar organised by the village—and especially by a Mrs. Peabody. But because the bazaar was in aid of the new church which was to be built in the place, we were not minded to refuse to attend. Wherefore, we arranged our itinerary so that we should be come to West Dumperley before noon and stay there till darkness fell.

I think that Mrs. Peabody was somewhat put out because we arrived at the meadow where the bazaar was to be held on foot and in a dusty condition. No doubt she had expected, not two humble wayfarers, travel-soiled and foot-weary, but personages who would drive up in splendour in a magnificent car. If you knew Mrs. Peabody you would understand, well enough.

Nobody offered us even so much as a cold collation on our arrival. Indeed, Mrs. Peabody at once broke into lamentations that "dear Miss Simcott" had been taken ill and so would be unable to take charge of one of the stalls as had been arranged. In a rash moment, I said that Longshanks would enjoy taking her place—for the which tribute to his willingness he favoured me with a scowl—and Mrs. Peabody was at once all smiles.

"How kind of you, *dear* Mr. Longshanks," she cooed and Longshanks, given a title for the first time in his life, boggled at her and his mouth sagged in such a way that I was like to giggle.

And then, as she bustled the unfortunate fellow off, talking nineteen to the dozen and luckily not expecting any reply, I was repentant and thought of Longshanks' empty stomach—which must, I reflected, be exceedingly painful with hunger, if it were at all like mine. Wherefore, I followed them at a discreet distance, wondering how I could contrive to bring him food and mayhap a bottle of pleasantly cool ale.

She stayed him before a stall, the which was filled with an extraordinary collection of articles of the kind that I believe are known as antiques. Some of them, I could see, were of no particular worth, but one of those that was valuable, immediately caught my eye. It was a small tallboy.

I had never, till now, seen articles of furniture offered for sale at a bazaar and I wondered whence they had come.

"You have the best stall of the lot, *dear* Mr. Longshanks," Mrs. Peabody informed her companion, who was looking surreptitiously to the right and left as though he contemplated immediate escape. "I've been collecting all these things in the district for weeks past. It's most extraordinary what treasures some of our humblest cottages hold. Their owners, of course, are quite, quite ignorant of their value. Many of the things came from the very poorest folk. They've all been glad to assist us to build the new church. We shall have lots of county people here this afternoon," she rattled on, "and knowing the true value of these things, they'll snap them up. You'll find there's a ticket on each one, naming the lowest price you're to ask—use your own discretion about increasing the price, of course."

I did not hear any more, for in truth I was filled with anger. To think that this woman—however deserving the cause—had been instrumental in beguiling simple folk into giving up their goods and chattels, quite ignorant, as she had said, of their true value, when she planned to obtain large sums for them! I was so much enraged at this exploitation of rustic ignorance, in fact, that I was moved to tell her my mind. But realising, in time, that this would achieve nothing but my own satisfaction, I held my peace. I went a little apart, therefore, not wishing to be provoked further.

At length, Mrs. Peabody left the stall—no doubt in search of me, for I had an important part to play in the day's proceedings—and as soon as was politic I emerged from behind the marquee where I had taken cover and beckoned to Longshanks.

"Oh, Father!" he exclaimed, sorrowfully, when, leaving the stall, he joined me. "What *have* you let me in for? And I'm famished."

"My poor Longshanks," I said, with much feeling. "So am I. I wonder what the time is."

Neither of us had a watch, for being without money the previous day, we had borrowed some on Longshanks' ancient timepiece, at Chichester.

"It must be one o'clock," I went on. "Since nobody appears to be offering us any refreshment I will go to the inn and get what I can for you, poor fellow."

"Don't forget the beer," said Longshanks.

"You mustn't be vulgar, Longshanks," I chided him. "You can't very well drink beer while you're in charge of a stall. I will bring you two genteel sandwiches and you can drink water. There's a tap over there."

I escaped before Longshanks had time to reply and leaving the ground secretly, I repaired to the inn, hard by. There, in the bar-parlour, I ordered some meat pies and ale and sat down in the corner settle. I was minded to eat my meal here, for I had no stall at the bazaar—as Longshanks had—where I might sit and eat and drink in comfort. Then, when I was finished, I bought another half-dozen meat pies—I thought Longshanks could manage six, for like the proverbial cherry, each of them was not so large that it provided two mouthfuls—and a quart bottle of ale, and secreting the

"This man's grossly insulted me" complained the expensively dressed lady

LONGSHANKS MEETS A TALLBOY

Selling antiques at a church bazaar is not really the sort of task that suits Longshanks, but once among the bric-a-brac he finds plenty of scope for that puckish humour which so often leads to public confusion

BY FRANCIS FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY L. C. ILLINGWORTH

latter in my capacious cassock pocket I returned to the bazaar ground.

A few people were wandering sheepishly round the stalls. Longshanks sat behind his counter, a picture of gloom.

"Blessed be God!" he exclaimed fervently when he saw me. "I thought you were never coming."

"I've only been half an hour," I said, "and thereby I've increased your enjoyment accordingly, for you've had so much the more anticipation When you've——"

"Where's the beer?" Longshanks interrupted me anxiously.

"*Beer*, Longshanks?" I protested. "I——"

"Ah, here you are, Father Francis!" Mrs. Peabody's commanding voice came from behind me. "I've been looking for you everywhere."

Hastily I dumped the meat pies into Longshanks' hands.

"The beer!" he whispered, urgently.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Peabody," I answered the lady. "I—I think there's someone looking for you up at the entrance." I pointed, and as she turned I beckoned to Longshanks. "*In my pocket*," I whispered. "There she is," I said to Mrs. Peabody, and pointed again. "Isn't she looking for you?"

With my free hand I beckoned frantically to Longshanks; I felt his hand at my cassock pocket.

"No," said Mrs. Peabody. "I don't think she wants me. That's Mrs. Ox. She's looking for——" She turned at that moment. "Why, whatever is Mr. Longshanks up to?" she exclaimed.

Longshanks had removed the bottle. He held one arm behind himself, and made a pitiful attempt at a smile.

"Picking my pocket as usual," I laughed. "You see," I explained, "all our worldly goods are in common, and if he happens to want something he knows I've got he just takes it."

"How very odd!" Mrs. Peabody commented.

"I expect he wanted our penknife—we've only one between us—to cut up his sandwiches," I said, rather pointedly.

She changed the subject. "I'd like you to meet Mr. Bulliphant," she said. "He's over by the tea-tent. Will you come and let me introduce you?"

As we left I looked over my shoulder. Longshanks was hidden behind the counter of his stall.

I was apprehensive about Mr. Bulliphant, for I suspected that he was one of Mrs. Peabody's type, but I was pleasantly surprised. He proved to be the squire, a hearty man who looked as though he'd rather be fishing—or whatever kind of slaughter squires indulge in at high summer—than wandering round a bazaar. As we chatted together people streamed into the meadow.

Apparently before the buying began the bazaar had to be formally "opened." The ceremony was performed by the squire's lady—hence the squire's presence, I surmised—assisted by several gorgeously arrayed ladies and gentlemen.

At length, feeling somewhat sleepy, I wandered back to Longshanks' stall. He was moodily smoking his pipe on a bench, what time several villagers gaped at his wares.

"Really, Longshanks!" I protested. "You ought to be shouting for customers instead of lazing behind here."

"I don't feel like selling the stuff," he grunted, bad-temperedly. "Did you hear where it came from?"

"Yes," I answered. "It was collected from various cottages."

"It was a shabby trick, Father," he said, "to beguile the rustics to give up their belongings without telling them what they're worth. D'you see that tallboy? I'm supposed to ask twenty pounds for it, unless . . ." He looked round surreptitiously.

"We can't do anything about it," I pointed out.

"And I'm sure to make a mistake about it," Longshanks went on.

"How can you make a mistake if the articles are priced?" I asked.

"You haven't heard my instructions," growled Longshanks. "On no account must I let Lady Ruffle have the tallboy, but if Mrs. Shuffle wants it, I'm to halve the price; and if possible I'm to let her have first chance."

"Are you sure you've got the names right?" I asked.

"Well, it's one way or the other," he said crossly, "and it's a dirty business halving the price, anyway. Perhaps it's Mrs. Ruffle and Lady Shuffle: I don't know. I told Mrs. Peabody it was a strange coincidence that the names should both——"

I sighed. "But why isn't Lady—I mean Mrs. Shuffle to have the tallboy?" I asked.

"You've got it the wrong way round," Longshanks said. "Mrs. Shuffle *is* to have it if she wants it. Apparently both she and the Ruffle woman are keen collectors of antiques, but because Mrs. Shuffle is a wealthy woman and she's promised a large donation, Mrs. Peabody wants her to have the tallboy—and at half-price too!—otherwise she'll be offended."

"You mean that Mrs. Shuffle is the wealthy collector and Lady Ruffle isn't well off, and the former mustn't be given cause for offence because she's promised a large donation?"

"That's it," Longshanks said. "How am I to know which is which? Besides," he added, "I don't like it. It's an unpleasant bit of trickery. I'm supposed to hide the tallboy when Mrs.—no; Lady—Shuffle—or is it Ruffle?—comes along."

"Perhaps you'll mix 'em up," I said, hopefully.

The meadow was now buzzing with people, and the air was close and hot. I wondered whether I could make my escape and find a place in which I could go to sleep. Apparently Mr. Bulliphant had the same idea, for we surprised each other at the end of the meadow furthest from the entrance, where there was a pleasant hedge under oak trees that gave a generous shade. Here, then, we sat on the grass.

"A bazaar is pleasant enough at a distance," remarked the squire, filling his pipe with well practised fingers.

Chewing a piece of grass and lying against the bank I agreed sleepily. The chatter of the people subdued by distance was indeed most pleasant to hear. It made one feel extremely drowsy.

The squire was evidently not a talker. He lay back against the bank also and closed his eyes. A rook cawed overhead. The scent of meadowsweet filled the air. From a long way off came the mutter of a train.

We were roused by a sudden scream of a klaxon horn.

"Blast!" the squire exploded. "I know that car. It's Mrs. Shuffle's."

I wondered at the expletive.

"Can't stand the woman," he explained, not very discreetly. "All money and nothing else," he grunted.

Peering through the tents and marquees I saw there was something of a commotion by the entrance. A little crowd of people were greeting the newcomer

My conscience began to prick me somewhat, for not only was I neglecting my task—as the Church's representative I should have been welcoming and mixing with the visitors—but I had quite abandoned Longshanks.

"I think I ought to go back," I said.

"Me too," returned the squire, "or else I shall get into trouble."

We sauntered unwillingly, therefore, towards the tents, where we parted temporarily, he to seek his wife, I to find Longshanks' stall.

The stall was surrounded by a knot of people. Many of the articles for sale, I found, were missing, so I supposed that Longshanks was doing well. I passed through the little crowd and joined him.

"Yes, I've sold a lot," he said.

"Including the tallboy," I said, seeing that the object was missing from its place.

"No; I've hidden it," he explained, pointing under the counter. "Every time a well-dressed woman comes along I put it away."

"But it won't sell like that," I protested.

"I can't help it," he said. "I don't know Lady Shuffle from Adam—I mean, Eve."

"It isn't Lady Shuffle you've got to deceive," I said. "It's Mrs. Stuffle."

He stared at me. "Did I say Stuffle?" he exclaimed.

The question made me doubtful. Now I came to think of it, that didn't sound right.

"Perhaps it's Stifle," I said.

"Or Rifle," he added.

"Or Guffle," I continued.

"No; they're not right," Longshanks decided. "Is there such a name as Snuffle?"

"No; it's Ruffle," I exclaimed, triumphantly.

"It doesn't sound right," said he. "Anyhow, there's nobody well-dressed here now, so I'll put the tallboy back again."

He slipped it into position. At once a woman's voice exclaimed: "Oh, what a beautiful tallboy! Is it expensive?"

Longshanks groaned.

"I—I'm not quite certain if it's sold," he stammered. "It was—I mean—Mrs. Peabody—that is to say——" and then in desperation, "Excuse me, madam; are you Mrs. Snuffle—I mean Shuffle?"

"I'm afraid not," she smiled.

Whoever she was, I reflected, she was a most charming person. She had a gentle face, and though her clothes were inexpensive and a little shabby, she wore them well.

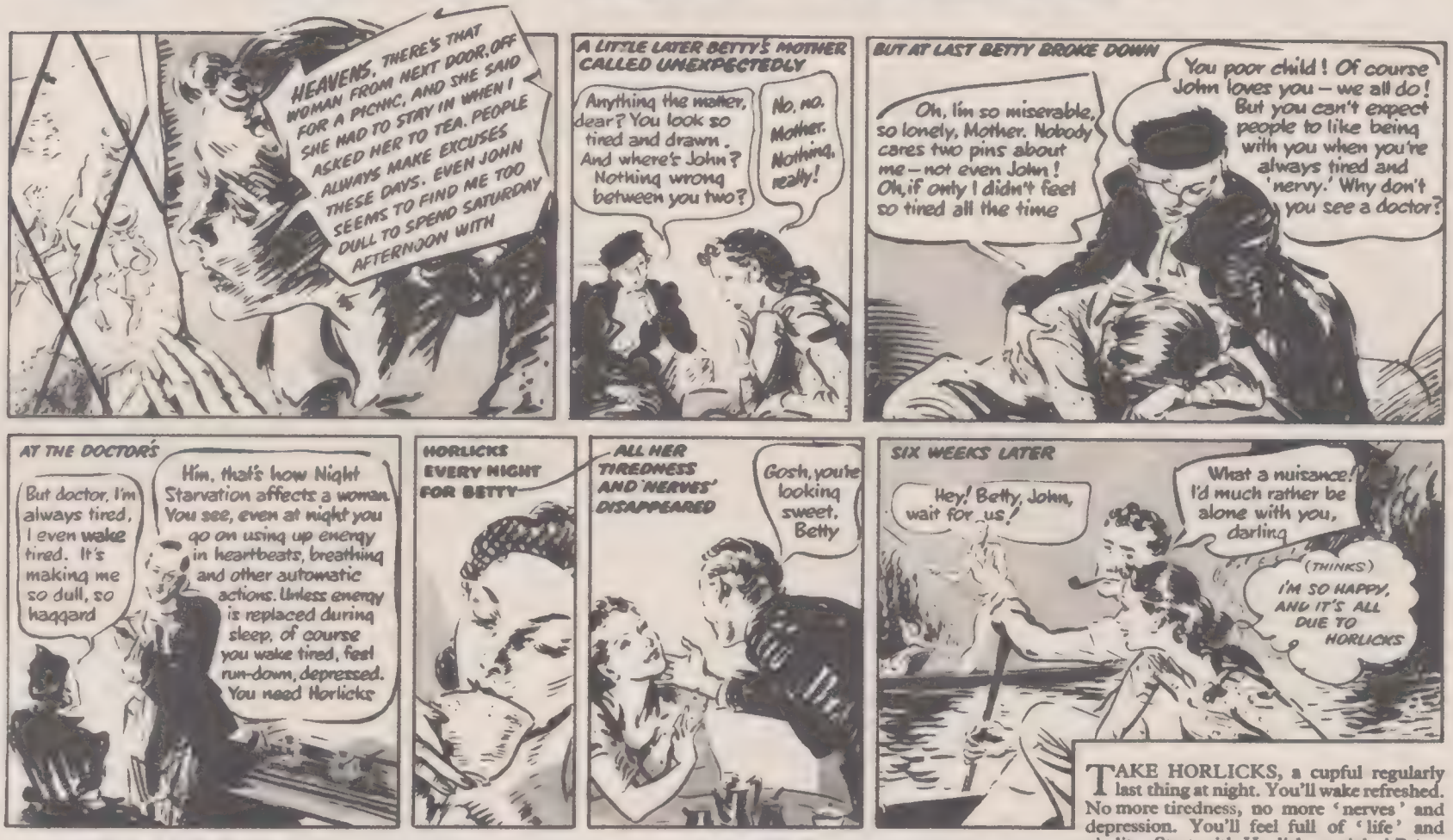
"In that case," Longshanks grinned his relief, "it isn't sold!"

"How odd that sounds!" she exclaimed. "Is it frightfully expensive?"

"Only ten pounds," Longshanks answered.

"*Twenty, Longshanks, twenty*," I prompted him in a whisper, examining the ticket. Also I

CUT BY HER FRIENDS



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remembered the price that he had named earlier.

"I *wonder* whether I could afford that," the lady mused aloud.

"*Twenty, Longshanks, twenty,*" I whispered again.

For answer he surreptitiously dug me in the ribs so that I was winded and had no breath for further prompting.

"Yes; I can manage that," the lady said at length, "but I shan't be able to buy anything else."

She counted out ten notes and handed them to Longshanks with a sweet smile that made him look as foolish as ever I've seen him.

"I'll take it 'ome for 'ee, your ladyship," said a rustic voice from the onlookers. "I've got me donkey barrer in the road."

"Oh, how good of you, Wilkins!" exclaimed the lady.

A man came forward, and Longshanks let him take the tallboy away.

When we were alone again I said to Longshanks: "That must have been Lady Shuffle—I mean Ruffle."

"So all's well that ends well," he chuckled, stuffing the notes into his pocket.

"I'm not so sure," I said. "I believe you've mixed 'em up." Indeed, I was quite sure he had; moreover there was a suspicion at the back of my mind which I dared not voice.

"If that wasn't the right one you've charged her only half price."

"She couldn't have afforded more," he answered, "and I was told to use my own judgement."

My suspicion was now a certainty. "That means," I said, "that you deliberately sold the tallboy to the wrong person. Oh, Longshanks! I'm——"

I was interrupted by a woman's voice. "Where is the tallboy?" she demanded, without preamble. "Mrs. Peabody told me you were keeping it for me."

I looked up and saw an expensively gowned, middle-aged woman, accompanied by a pale young man in clerical clothes, who was rubbing his hands together and mincing beside her.

"I am Mrs.——"

"Mrs. Ruffle," Longshanks broke in. "How do you do? I'm sorry to——"

"I'm *not* Mrs. Ruffle," protested the woman, haughtily.

"This is Mrs. Shuffle," interposed the pale-faced curate. "My name is Guzzard—the Reverend Cyprian Guzzard."

Longshanks looked despairingly at me, but I was so much overcome that I had to bend down to do up my shoelace.

"—I'm sorry for the mistake, Mrs. Guzzle," stammered poor Longshanks. "I——"

"How dare you!" the woman almost screamed.

"What's wrong?" Mrs. Peabody's voice, of a sudden, broke in.

I straightened myself in apprehension. Mrs. Peabody had obviously come to ensure that no mistake was made.

"This man's grossly insulted me," complained the expensively-dressed lady. "He keeps calling me by my wrong name, and he's doing it purposely."

A crowd had quickly formed.

I thought it time to take a hand.

"There have been no insults," I said, mildly. "My friend merely became confused by the—er—difficulty of remembering names. Mr. Guzzle——"

Somebody sniggered.

"Guzzard, sir," said the curate, stiffly.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said I. "Mr. Guzzard happened to mention his name and—and——"

" . . . and I mixed it up with Lady Ruggle's," Longshanks tried to explain. The crowd exploded with mirth.

"Lady Ruffle!" cried Mrs. Peabody, above the din. "But this is Mrs. Shuffle and she's come to see the tallboy."

I caught my breath, wondering how Longshanks would be able to explain that he had sold the tallboy to the wrong person. As though by a miracle, at that moment a diversion came.

" 'Ere's 'er leddyship," shouted a rustic voice.

Mrs. Peabody's face turned positively green as Lady Ruffle came through the crowd.

"Oh, how do you do?" said the latter, advancing her hand. "Why, Mrs. Peabody, you're ill," she exclaimed, in much concern. "It's the heat, I expect."

Mrs. Peabody was nonplussed. As for Mrs. Shuffle—at this stage I was at last able to think of them by their right names—she was livid with anger.

"Let us go," she almost hissed to the curate.

Soon we were alone. Mrs. Shuffle and the Reverend Mr. Guzzard went away, and Lady Ruffle led a collapsed Mrs. Peabody to the tea-tent.

"And now, Father," said Longshanks with a heartless chuckle, "I want you to look after the stall while I go away for ten minutes, will you?"

"Of course," I said.

Without more ado Longshanks left me. Almost at once a woman came and inquired the price of an old-fashioned pear-wood chair, and when, after examining the ticket, I told her, she promptly bought it.

In the middle of a second purchase I chanced to look across the way and saw Longshanks in earnest conversation with the man who had offered to take the tallboy for Lady Ruffle in his donkey cart. Presently Longshanks took a piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to the man, who touched his shapeless hat and disappeared.

Anything that Longshanks does mysteriously always fills me with apprehension, for I know that trouble of some sort is likely to ensue—though invariably, be it understood, he acts with a good object in view. Longshanks's tendency is, as I have so often shown, to step in where angels would fear to tread—to take the law into his own hands, in brief.

I questioned him, therefore, when he returned, but to no purpose.

"You can clear out now, Father," he told me, "and leave me in peace to sell the remaining articles."

I left him and sought Mr. Bulliphant again, to whom I told the story of the tallboy. He roared his appreciation and promptly invited me to bring Longshanks to dinner that night.

"I don't know," I said, "whether you will, by the end of the afternoon, consider it politic to have us at your house. Longshanks is planning some devilment, I feel sure."

"He seems to be a man after my own heart," quoth Mr. Bulliphant. "How soon can you get away?"

"Not till it's all over," said I. "I've got to collect the stallholders' money, check the takings and announce the total."

"Well, unless you want some of that horrible urn-tea they're selling you'd better come home with me and have tea there," he suggested. "My wife'll give me the signal to leave shortly. It's just on time."

So I went to the manor house with the squire and his lady, to whom he told, on the way, the story of Mrs. Shuffle's defeat, much to Mrs. Bulliphant's delight, and had tea with them there, and then about six o'clock, just before the bazaar was due to close, I returned to the meadow.

Longshanks's stall was empty. Every article was sold and he had deserted the place. I went to the tea-tent and waited for the end.

Mrs. Peabody joined me eventually.

"Your friend's stupid mistake has lost us a handsome donation from Mrs. Shuffle," she snapped at once.

"I can't say I'm sorry," I observed, evenly. "Let's leave it at that, shall we?"

She stared at me, and I hoped she would not force me to speak plainly, for I do not like the task of condemning anyone, as in frankness I should be compelled to do in her case, if she refused to understand.

Before she could speak the procession of stallholders began. One by one they handed over their takings and I entered the amounts in a book provided for the purpose.

The last to arrive was Longshanks. He and I and Mrs. Peabody were alone in the tent when he handed me the sum of £80 odd.

Mrs. Peabody gasped. "But you've sold everything!" she exclaimed. "You ought to have at least £170."

"Your estimate, madam, does credit to your prescience," Longshanks said, in a grand manner and bowing politely. "But you see, first of all I let the tallboy go for ten pounds to Lady Ruffle as that was the price Mrs. Shuffle was to be asked for it."

Mrs. Peabody tried to stutter a reply.

"Then," Longshanks went on, "you were rather secretive—shall we say?—to the cottagers whom you persuaded to give up their treasures for the bazaar. You didn't even hint what the various articles were worth. I'm told you just suggested that the cottagers should give this, that or the other. Some of them agreed out of generosity; others because they didn't like to offend you."

Longshanks paused. Mrs. Peabody was choking with wrath.

"No doubt you think that the end justifies the means," Longshanks went on, mercilessly, "but I'm sure the Good Lord would hate to have a church built with money obtained in that way, so I've tried to put the matter right."

"What exactly did you do, Longshanks?" I asked, doubtfully, when he paused again.

"I got one of the cottagers to collect all those who had given articles for sale—I made a list of the names of the donors from the labels on the articles. They came to me when I'd sold everything, and I asked them separately what each had thought his gift was worth in money. Their estimates total to £40 odd. At first I thought they were really entitled to the balance between that and the total amount I got for the articles, but I decided that a sale implied a legitimate profit and I estimated it—loosely, I'm afraid, since this isn't an ordinary commercial transaction—as being one hundred per cent. Thus the total amount for the church fund is £80, and the balance of £80 I propose, with your sanction, Father, to refund to the cottagers."

"I protest!" cried Mrs. Peabody, shrilly. She was almost in tears by now.

I thought hard.

"As you say, Longshanks," I gave judgment at length, "the transaction must *not* be regarded from a commercial standpoint. It has to be regarded primarily from the angle of what is right and wrong. That being so, I sanction your disbursing £80 to the cottagers."

Mrs. Peabody, alas, collapsed!

NEXT WEEK

THE BLONDE WHO CHANGED EIGHT LIVES

What mysterious power had the girl with the golden hair? How was it she changed so irrevocably the lives of eight people—six of whom she had never seen?

CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE will solve this mystery

Laugh

The "PASSING SHOW

"I promised these chaps from the circus we'd give them a game if they came round!"

"Well, don't march your men through another apple orchard!"

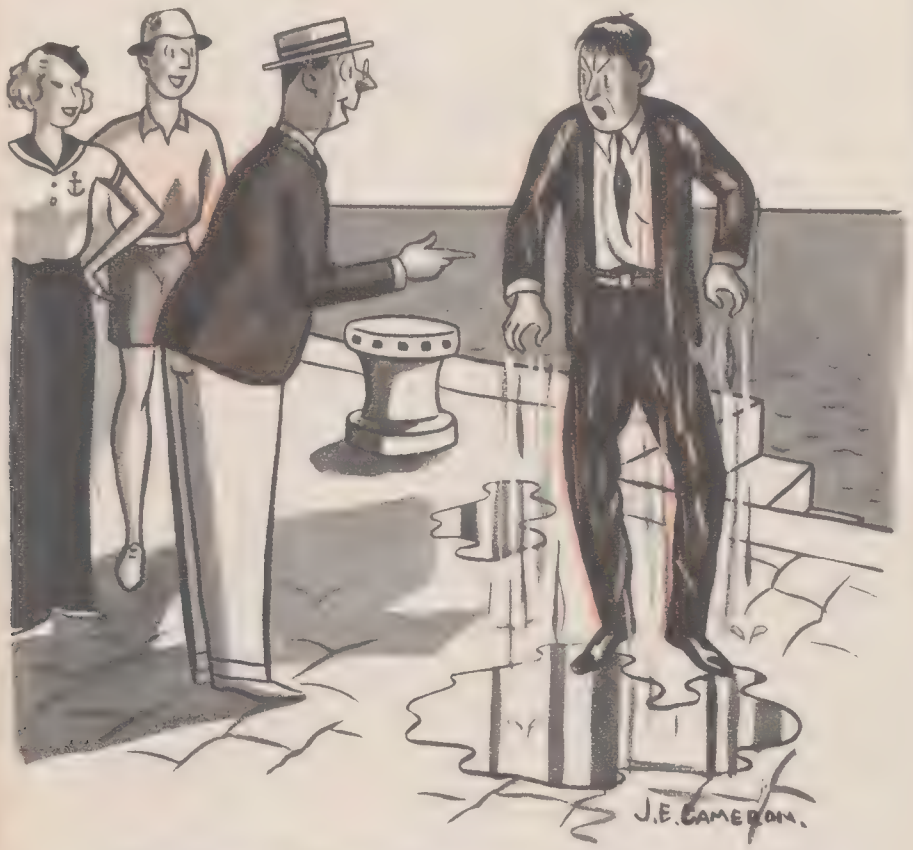
"I must go now, Auntie—my young man's going off duty."

"You and your detective yarns!"

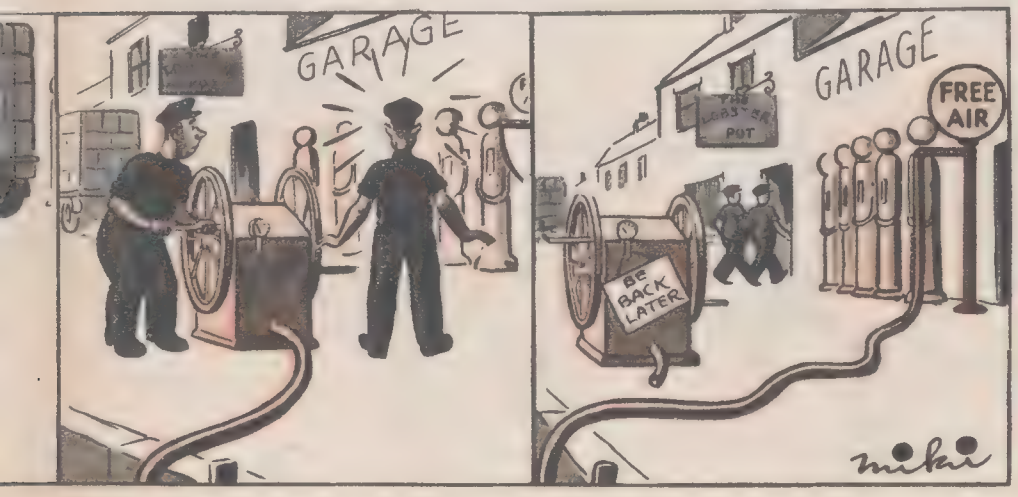
...okter

...ow" Smile Section

" Myrtle, how many more times have I to tell you not to use my electric razor for peeling potatoes?"



" Excuse me, could you tell me where those steps lead to?"



" Y'see, sir, his father plays in a dance band! "

" We feels we're entitled to danger money while Bradman's barring! "

A MAN ON THE TRACK

By A. C. BARRETT

LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

"Johnson is a rogue, he came to me to borrow a gun to shoot a dog whose barking kept him awake at night."
"Well."
"It was my dog."
—*Sondagsnisse Strix, Stockholm.*

"Did Tommy take his medicine like a man?"
"I should think he did—he raved, stamped and rushed round like a madman and finally threw the bottle out of the window."—*Raketa, Budapest.*

"To-day something happened to me that I would not have happen to my worst enemy."
"What is that?"
"I won first prize in a lottery."—*Der Lustige Sachse, Leipzig.*

"James, you have been at my brandy."
"To steady my nerves, sir."
"Your nerves?"
"Yes, sir, I had just had a frightful shock—I broke your two valuable Japanese vases."—*L'Illustre, Lausanne*

"Neighbour, four men are thrashing my husband. Could you come and help?"
"Why? Surely four men can manage it without my help?"—*Die Woche im Bild, Olton.*

"So you want to marry my daughter. What is your profession?"
"Musician."
"What can you contribute towards the marriage?"
"I have already composed a wedding march for the occasion."—*Fliegends Blatter, Munich.*

New Maid: "Please ma'm, was this the gentleman that you said the old dinner-service was good enough for?"—*Lustige Blatter, Berlin.*

CAMEO STORY

BY PETER FABRIZIUS

STAR ENGAGEMENT

LYDIA RISETTI had nile-green eyes, titian-red hair with purple lights in it, a dazzling white skin and her name topped the bill, in enormous letters, on every one of the Zenith Film Company's announcements.

Frederico Bussi was the possessor of an infinitesimal, well-groomed moustache, eyes that flashed youthfully, as per contract, the best tailor in Los Angeles and he was, by profession, THE star of the Nadir Film Company.

They met at an evening garden-party in Hollywood. The grounds were mysteriously lit by many-coloured lights, soft strains of Venetian love-songs echoed across the lake and there was a reporter hidden behind every bush.

The famous Risetti and the great Bussi sat down together on a bench in a quiet corner, looked deep into each other's eyes and murmured tender nothings. Before the stars had paled, they had agreed to belong to each other for life. The papers had published the fact a quarter of an hour earlier.

But it isn't to simple when two great stars want to marry.

First they had to allow a stream of photograph-fans, reporters and autograph-hunters flow over them. They put up with them patiently.

Then the Zenith Film-Company pointed out the clause in Risetti's contract, which forbade her marrying. She tore it up in silence.

Frederico Bussi refused to appear in the next film his company made, saying he was otherwise and much more pleasantly engaged. The Nadir Company threatened to sue him. Bussi thought of his love and paid the conventional fine.

Lydia accepted another engagement at a lower salary and had her lovely, auburn hair bleached, because Frederico had once said he adored blondes.

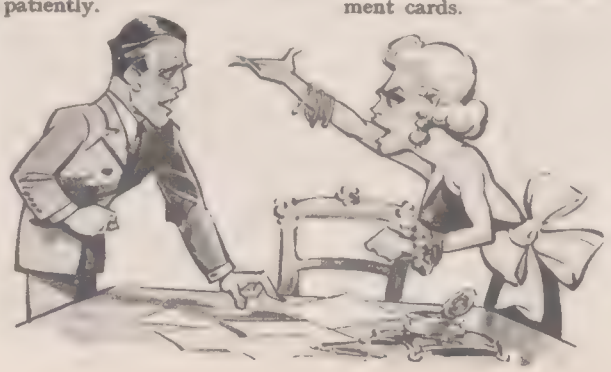
He allowed his wife to divorce him, agreeing to pay her so much alimony, that it halved his income.

They were sacrificing themselves for their love and their public was moved to tears.

Yet they never got as far as marrying—not even as far as being officially engaged.

It was nothing that caused their parting—this is said to happen to ordinary human beings, too—but nothing means something different where great film stars are concerned.

When it came to sending out the announcements of their engagement, a sudden but irreparable quarrel broke out. They couldn't agree whose name should be printed first on the announcement cards.



WIDOW'S PREY

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

BY W. A. SWEENEY

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR SPENCELEY

IT is an undisputable fact that the presence of a very wealthy young man, with good looks and family, among mothers with marriageable daughters, sharpens the intelligence of the mothers like the injection of some powerful mental stimulant. John Harvey was not in Soothern Bay much more than twenty-four hours before five mothers, as described above, had him checked up and indexed from his banking account down to the size he took in shoes—and the hunt was up.

The mothers who went trapping the wealthy, unwary male, at Soothern Bay, spun their webs on the beach, just below the bathing boxes, and waited, with the dreadful patience of giant sea-spiders in the caverns deep of the ocean cold. The daughters, under the skilled generalship of the mothers, did their bit. There were the chance encounters in the sea, of course; the lovely surf-maiden sat on a rock by which John was sure to pass; the large, rubber ball crashed disagreeably into his countenance while he bathed and nearly stunned him, to the accompaniment of girlish laughter; the lost novel, which, perhaps, he had seen, had been left near where he was sitting ("Probably you've read it, it's by X")—these and many other preliminary manœuvres, well-known to old campaigners, were employed by the mothers, according to their respective ideas of strategy and tactics. But even when they brought their heavy artillery into action John Harvey refused to capitulate. It was maddening. He was equally polite to all, but passed on his way until—oh, irony! oh anguish!—until he got his eye on the widow.

Each of the five mothers—from their positions far apart from each other—saw that all was lost. The trembling maiden was not for him, he was a widow's prey. In their common fury each had a common satisfaction; none of the other mothers had triumphed, anyway. They could only settle down as grim spectators at the struggle. The widow, they could see, not only knew her business but was something of a strategical stylist. They could recognise the smooth moves and pitfalls laid by a fellow artist, unerringly. They could also recognise, unerringly, that John Harvey's interest in the widow was not that of a trifler with female affections. Such things they knew at once by the strange power given unto them.

The young widow occupied a villa on the cliff, and when she arrived, each morning, the five divided their attention between her and Harvey, though missing nothing. So she was going fishing among the rocks, was she? To get to the rocks she had plenty of time to display that bathing dress (what there was of it to display); ten minutes to the rocks, at least. Hence the rocks. And her mother was going with her, was she? Now, what were going to be the tactics of the old lady? Would she—was it possible she had something *new* up her sleeve? These women who travelled abroad so much—she was always gadding about places like Monte Carlo and Paris with that fortune-hunting daughter of hers—couldn't be trusted in a fair fight. They were up to all the latest discoveries. Was she—Good heavens! That old stunt! Dropping her folding chair almost in front of him. That one went out with crinolines. . . . But not so dusty as it appeared, after all, for to pick up that kind of a folding-chair, without getting infernally mixed up in it, takes time for John Harvey to come up and for the daughter to turn and run back to her mother's aid, so that they arrive simultaneously, in smiling good humour at mamma's predicament. ("And couldn't she fix that chair in a jiffy, if she wished, old Mother Machiavelli!") Now the introductions—no? No, he has returned to where he was. Shy!

Throughout the days the mothers continued their vigil and one day they noted that the young widow had taken to reading. So. The child of the sea and sun had her intellectual bouts. Ah, she left the book lying about so that he would notice it, where he usually sat. A serious book, no doubt, displaying her literary taste and intelligence and—*Heavens above*! What magic was this? A *child*! A little boy. Hers, of course. She had kept him hidden till now, as most young men are shy of marrying a widow with a family. But she had heard and noticed he was crazy about children, had she, and had brought forth Little Treasure? And we would roll Little Treasure in the sand, wouldn't we, and we would stuff Little Treasure with confectionery till he was at bursting point, wouldn't we, and we would run and laugh with and be chased by Little Treasure till we were flushed and breathless and the whole beach and especially *he*, were looking on, marvelling at what a pretty picture we made, wouldn't we? And we would dress up Little Treasure in beautiful, expensive, little suits to show how money didn't matter to us in our fierce, young, maternal passion, wouldn't we, scheming cat that we were?

So ran the mothers' commentary. She had been longer than they had expected about sending Little Treasure flying into John Harvey's legs, but it came to pass one day.

"What's your first name?" asked Harvey. He knew the widow's surname.

"Alec," said the child, who was five.

"Alec's a nice name. And you live alone with your mamma, Alec?"

"With mummy and daddie."

"What?"

"With mummy and daddie," repeated Alec and Harvey sat down, rather heavily, in the sand. Why had he been told that this girl was a widow? Or was she masquerading as a widow?

"What does your dad do, Alec?" he asked, for want of something better to say, at the moment.

"He's in a big shop," said Alec, proudly. "He sells ties." He smiled. "He sold *me* a tie once, mummy took me."

Harvey studied him, thinking. "You mean your dad owns the shop, Alec?"

Alec looked away, considering this, and then back to Harvey and shook his head. "No," he said, "daddy works behind the counter below the toy place. I've been in the toy place, too. I got this boat there before comin' here." He had a toy boat in his arms. "I have gold-fishes, too. Do you like gold-fishes? What's the best thing to feed gold-fishes on?"

"Ants' eggs." Harvey looked up at the cliff. The villa was still standing, though he half expected it to have disappeared. He answered Alec's questions as befitted the dignity of serious converse with a small boy and Alec darted from one theme to another without noticing Harvey's occasional glance in the direction of the slim figure farther up the beach.

"It's all over," commented the grisly five. "His next move is to get up and take Little Treasure back to his mamma and he's hooked."

But Alec ran back alone and when the widow asked him what he and Harvey had been talking about he said, absently (he was busy fixing his boat,) "Oh, gold-fishes an' he says ants' eggs is best to feed 'em on."

"Was that all you talked about?"

Alec nodded. "An' boats, too. He's got a real boat, he says. Wiv engines an' a smell of fryin' in it when you go below and ropes to jump over upstairs, like when we went to see Grannie." From Alec's face, at the moment, she could see he was a captain ploughing white-crested seas, his gallant barque leaping before a fair wind, and she turned away impatiently.

• Two evenings later, the widow's mother burst into the presence of her daughter.

"Harvey's gone," she announced and flopped into a chair. Her daughter laid down the lipstick and gazed motionless and silent, at her reflection in the mirror.

"Gone!" she echoed and her voice and eyes held that hard, metallic quality of the gold-digger—a gold-digger who has discovered that the fabulous vein has turned to mud in the night. "Damn!" she said then, softly. She turned to her mother. "That, mother, is the result of playing the coy, unseizable nymph just a trifle too long. I should have brought him, by the hair of the head, to dinner the day you staged your antediluvian chair act—he probably saw through that, anyway. Oh——" She arose in a fury of irritation. "And all that absurdity of bringing down that child. . . ."

"Well, he was crazy about children, wasn't he? He carried on enough with the Stretton youngsters before Alec came, and it would have shown a beautiful character, Enid, to bring your former maid's child for a seaside holiday, besides showing how considerate you were to servants and so on. That sort of thing appeals to men like Harvey." She stopped. "But I wonder *what* could have sent him off like that? . . ." Her eye rested, at that moment, on Alec who was playing with his motor-car in the garden and she gazed at him thoughtfully, as an idea seemed to strike her. "No, that's too absurd," she murmured then, dismissing some possibility.

But Alec had a good holiday, anyway, the Five Watchers by the Sea had a mystery and it all shows there's a divinity that looks after men who love children.

MAYOR'S NEST

Mr. Belvedere Tipp handles this strange situation with such delicacy that you may well wonder that His Worship the Mayor was not more grateful for his help

BY A. R. V. NELSON-SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY J. DEWAR MILLS

"Yes," confirmed Belvedere Tipp, after peering out of the window, "it is your husband"

HOWEVER big a frog he may have been in his own little puddle, the Mayor of Mudham was the soul of humility when he was ushered into the discreetly furnished inner sanctum of Delicate Missions, Limited.

"Mr. Tipp," he said, nervously. "My errand is indeed one of the utmost delicacy."

With the suave dexterity resulting from long years spent as butler to half the best families in the country, before his last master left him the legacy with which he had founded his unique firm, Belvedere Tipp relieved his client of hat and gloves and saw him comfortably seated in the big armchair.

"Anything you may care to tell me, sir," he murmured, "will be treated in the strictest confidence."

Like many others before him, the mayor found reassurance in the portly and dignified figure waiting with deferential attention on the other side of the solid, old-fashioned desk. "I don't quite know where to begin," he said, helping himself gratefully to a cigar from the box at his elbow. "Do you know Mudham, Mr. Tipp?"

"Only by name, sir. Am I right in saying that there are several large model factory colonies there?"

"That's so," assented the mayor. "It wasn't much of a place until they came. In fact, I'm only the sixth mayor. That's why we can't find anyone who remembers Shirley Stella."

"Indeed," purred Belvedere Tipp. "And who, sir, is Shirley Stella?"

The mayor took a long pull at his cigar. "Film star," he announced, puffing out a miniature smoke screen. "Born in Mudham. Left it as a small child over twenty years ago. Made good in Hollywood. Now she's paying a visit to England and wants to have a look at her old home." He fumbled in his pocket and brought out an envelope. "I have here, Mr. Tipp, a letter from the lady, addressed to me as mayor, which I should like you to read."

Belvedere Tipp adjusted his spectacles and held the neatly typed letter with its flamboyant signature up to the light. "Admirable sentiments," he observed, after careful perusal. "Not unmixed with a natural desire for publicity. I see that the lady hints at a willingness to appear personally, if pressed, at the Mudham cinemas or any local functions!"

"Quite," agreed the mayor. "She's the first daughter of Mudham to distinguish herself outside her native heath. And, speaking as mayor, Mr. Tipp, we shall be glad to do her honour."

Belvedere Tipp thoughtfully stroked the few remaining hairs on his slightly egg-shaped head. "I don't seem to recall the name," he ventured.

"Ah!" exclaimed the mayor, knowingly, "neither did I—but I'm not a picturegoer. But it's all right, Mr. Tipp. When I put the matter before the council, the first thing we agreed upon was that we must find out exactly what she was. Now, Councillor Blotnip knows a man who's something big in the film business in London, so he wired right away and here is the answer. I will read it to you." He produced a much thumbed telegram. "'Shirley Stella,'" he read, "'stars in mid-Western Heart-throbs. Type of picture exhibited America only. Mushy plot, strong silent hero and—'" The mayor looked up from the telegram, "—and—'glamorous heroine,'" he finished, a little excitedly.

Belvedere Tipp permitted himself a slight frown. "Then I take it, sir," he observed, "that you are accepting the lady as a true daughter of Mudham?"

The mayor's eyes gleamed. "The council feel," he said, "and I, as mayor, agree with them, that such an occasion should be marked by a civic reception, a luncheon and possibly a banquet in the Town Hall. Other towns do these things for their illustrious daughters—take Rochdale, for instance, and Gracie Fields—and we feel, Mr. Tipp, that Mudham should not lag behind.

"It has also been agreed, Mr. Tipp, that I and the town clerk should meet Miss Stella when she arrives and that, as a preliminary, we should entertain her in the Mayor's Parlour so as to prepare her for what is in store." A deep gloom descended upon the mayor. "And that," he said, "is the trouble."

"Indeed?" murmured Belvedere Tipp, with professional sympathy. "Am I to understand, sir, that some hitch? . . ."

"It's the mayoress," said the mayor. "She won't have it!"

Belvedere Tipp opened the little cupboard beneath his desk and produced a decanter and syphon. "Pray proceed, sir," he said gravely.

"It's just that," said the mayor, obviously surprised that further explanation should be needed. "She won't let me do it. Nice fool I shall look, shan't I, when I have to trump up some excuse for getting the deputy-mayor to take my place?

"The council aren't fools. They'll talk. I shall be the laughing-stock of the town. The worst enemy a mayor can have, Mr. Tipp, is a jealous wife."

"But, my dear sir," exclaimed Belvedere Tipp, "surely your wife cannot object to your meeting this lady at public gatherings!"

The mayor looked uncomfortable. "As a matter of fact," he said, "the council decided that it would not be necessary to invite ladies, apart from Miss Stella, to these particular functions. That was the first thing that annoyed the mayoress, Mr. Tipp. Then, I was foolish enough to show her the telegram and I fear that she has built up an erroneous conception of Miss Stella. And, finally, Mr. Tipp, the town clerk was unfortunate enough to be taken ill, which means that in the ordinary course of events, I should be called upon to entertain Miss Stella on her arrival without assistance. The position is most difficult—and most delicate."

Belvedere Tipp lowered his voice discreetly. "You will pardon me, sir, if I ask a rather intimate question. Has your wife exhibited tendencies of this sort before?"

"It's a sort of culminating point," said the mayor, bitterly. "It's been getting worse but I've always been able to smooth her down before. You see, as I got on, she couldn't follow me about as much as she used to. I knew something like this would happen when I became mayor. And, of course, they would choose this moment to elect someone else chairman of the Mothers' Circle."

"Ah," broke in Belvedere Tipp quickly, "then your wife has interests in . . .?"

"It's her only interest besides watching me. I don't suppose you've heard of her book, 'Mixed Mottoes for Mothers'? I paid to have it published. And this is what I get in return." The mayor

stamped his foot. "I *won't* be treated like this!" he cried, petulantly, "I want—it's my duty to receive Miss Stella and I ought to do it!"

"Exactly, sir," soothed Belvedere Tipp. "May I inquire if you have considered the possibility of carrying out your—er—duty in spite of your wife's reaction?"

A look of horror spread over the mayor's face. "Impossible!" he cried. "You don't know the mayoress! She'd create an awful scene. She'd make me look a fool in public. She'd follow me to the station and insult Miss Stella. She'd force her way into the reception. She'd——"

Belvedere Tipp held up his hand. "You have my deepest sympathy, sir," he said in feeling tones, "but what exactly is it that you wish me to do?"

"Make the mayoress see sense and leave me alone," said the mayor. "And you won't do it by talking to her. And it's no use thinking you can get her out of the way while Miss Stella's here. She'd keep me in sight through the crack of doom."

"I assure you, sir, said Belvedere Tipp, thoughtfully jingling his massive, gold, watch chain, the gift of the third Viscount Turret, "that such an immature solution would not occur to me." He moved over to the discreetly curtained window and pondered for a moment. "Very well, sir," he decided, "I will accept the case. If I can be assured of your co-operation, I will outline my plan of action."

"Anything within reason," promised the mayor, leaning forward eagerly.

As he listened, his expression changed from optimism to doubt, from doubt to timidity, and back again to optimism. "It's a risk," he commented, as Belvedere Tipp finished, "but it's worth taking."

"Then, sir," said Belvedere Tipp, "you will make all the necessary arrangements and I shall see you to-morrow at one o'clock? Very good, sir. Then, if I may say so, 'sufficient unto the day. . . .' Good day to *you*, sir!"

Before Belvedere Tipp had time to press the bell after the mayor had moved gratefully out, Miss Firkin, his spinsterly but indispensable secretary, staggered in with The Ledger, an enormous, brass-bound tome in which the founder of Delicate Missions, Limited, entered every detail of each one of his cases.

"Your notebook, please, Miss Firkin," said Belvedere Tipp, briskly. "There is a certain amount of work for you in this case, so please pay careful attention to your instructions."

Whatever Miss Firkin's feelings may have been as her pencil slid busily over the paper, she cloaked them well. Only a tightening of her thin lips and a slight stiffening of her angular form betrayed a growing disapproval of her chief's plan. But not until he had finished dictating did she voice her uneasiness.

"Mr. Tipp," she said, "I think I may claim that I have always, efficiently and without question, carried out your instructions, but I cannot conceal from you that the task you have assigned to me in this case is entirely foreign both to my experience and to my inclinations."

But Belvedere Tipp knew how to overcome his secretary's objections. "I have compete confidence in your ability to perform your task, Miss Firkin," he assured her, blandly. "You cannot go wrong if you follow my instructions. I think I can rely upon you?"

Miss Firkin snapped her notebook shut. "Very well, Mr. Tipp," she assented, frigidly, "I have never placed my feelings before my duty? Will there be anything else now, Mr. Tipp?"

"No thank you, Miss Firkin. I will give the matter my final consideration over a bite of lunch. You might have a couple of sausage rolls sent in, and a custard tart and——"

"A nice apple, Mr. Tipp?"

"A nice apple, Miss Firkin."

And while Belvedere Tipp was ruminating over his lunch, the mayor was speeding back to Mudham, carefully rehearsing in his mind certain matters that had to be broached to the mayoress.

The mayoress was not in one of her best moods that evening. In fact, having suffered another session of complete frustration at the Mothers' Circle, her attitude was such that, in normal circumstances, the mayor would have slipped out of the side door at the first opportunity. But much was at stake and, after several abortive attempts, he at last succeeded in holding her acrid attention.

"My dear," he said, taking a firm grip on the mantlepiece, "I met a most interesting man to-day. Most knowledgeable fellow called Belvedere Tipp. I'm sure you'd like to meet him, so—I—I asked him to lunch to-morrow."

"Then you can put him off," snapped the mayoress.

"But, my dear," protested the mayor. "He's one of the biggest social workers of the day. They say he's got the ear of the government. And he's read your book."

The effect of which intelligence upon the mayoress was, if not magical, at least promising. "Oh," she said, with poorly concealed interest, "has he?"

"He was most impressed by it," amplified the mayor. "Said it ought to be read by every mother in the land."

The mayoress picked up her husband's pipe from the arm of the chair where he had laid it in the stress of the moment, and deposited it distastefully in the fender. "Very well," she said, "as you have asked Mr. Tipp, I will let him come. But, remember, Horace! You are not to think from this that you can bring any of your casual friends back just whenever you please!"

At which the mayor was too overcome to reply. He even managed to keep silent when his wife turned back from the door and called, as an acid afterthought: "And don't forget to tell the council that you're having nothing to do with that blonde from Hollywood."

If the mayoress could have seen the expression of almost childish glee on her husband's face after she had left him, her anticipations for the morrow would have undergone considerable revision.

As it was, however, when Belvedere Tipp arrived, complete with silk hat and a white flower in the buttonhole of his dignified morning-coat, the mayoress was almost a civic reception in herself.

"Mr. Tipp!" she gushed, thrusting her husband impatiently into the background, "I see you have my little book in your hand!"

"Madam," said Belvedere Tipp, with perfect truth, "I have read it from cover to cover. And I have been looking forward to this opportunity of discussing it with you."

"After lunch! After lunch!" piped in the mayor. "Now, come along, my dear! Mr. Tipp must be hungry after his journey."

If Belvedere Tipp harboured any fears about holding his end up in a technical discussion on mothercraft, they were allayed over luncheon, for it soon became obvious that in any discussion with the mayoress only one party did the talking. Belvedere Tipp found his sympathy for his client rapidly deepening and when, after they had finished their coffee, the mayor jumped to his feet and glanced eagerly in the direction of the door, the founder of Delicate Missions, Limited, was conscious of something approaching a sense of martyrdom himself.

"Well," said the mayor, cheerily, "this isn't much in my line. I'll leave you two to it. I'll be back for tea, my dear. See you then, Mr. Tipp."

There was a distinct dog-off-the-leash suggestion about the mayoral form as he scuttled through the door. Belvedere Tipp skilfully changed a sigh into an exclamation of deep interest as the mayoress turned to page one.

(*please turn over*)

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By the time the mayor returned, they were less than half-way through the book, but Belvedere Tipp had had enough mothercraft pumped into him to float an orphanage. But he had also had his say.

"Horace!" cried the mayoress, eyeing her husband as one might eye a particularly persistent beetle, "Mr. Tipp is taking me to meet Miss Prunella Firkin!"

"Miss who?" asked the mayor, with innocent interest.

"Don't show your ignorance," snapped his wife. "She's a world-famous authority on mother and baby."

"I happen to know," put in Belvedere Tipp, "that she is resting at her cottage at Little Drabfurrow. Few know of this retreat of hers, for she goes there to escape the intense pressure of her social work. But I am sure, sir, that she would never forgive me if she knew that I was so near and did not take such an authority as your wife over for a brief exchange of views."

"But it's thirty miles away," said the mayor.

Belvedere Tipp airily waved his hand. "With your permission, sir," he said, "I will run the mayoress over in my car to-morrow afternoon."

"If you're home before I am," added the mayoress, "you can get on with the garden, Horace!"

"Then that's settled," observed Belvedere Tipp, with satisfaction. "Miss Firkin has a great treat in store."

Apart from the major aspects of the matter, it became obvious, as soon as Belvedere Tipp had taken his portly and dignified leave, that his visit had had an unusually mellowing effect upon the mayoress.

"I wish, Horace," she told her husband, "that all your friends were as clever and as gentlemanly as Mr. Tipp. If you had the sense to mix with more people like that, my life would be much easier."

"Glad you like him," observed the mayor, with non-committal gratitude. The waiting period was a little trying. Wellington probably felt much the same way on the eve of Waterloo.

The mayoress's good mood persisted in the morning; even to the extent of permitting her husband the first bath. And when he set out for his day's work, the mayor was charged with fewer admonitions upon his personal conduct than he ever remembered.

During the morning, Belvedere Tipp telephoned. "It is essential, sir," he reminded the mayor, "that there should be no hitch in my plan. I take it, sir, that you have your part clearly in mind?"

"Don't you worry!" said the mayor, jauntily, "when the time comes, I'll be ready!"

And so was the mayoress when Belvedere Tipp called for her. So ready that Belvedere Tipp was almost deprived of his lunch.

"What a beautiful car!" exclaimed the mayoress, appreciatively eyeing the staid, black saloon which the founder of Delicate Missions, Limited, hired when the occasion demanded. "Shall I sit in the front?"

It was not Belvedere Tipp's practice to talk when engaged in the serious business of driving, so the mayoress had it all her own way. And so many and illuminating were the aspects of mothercraft that rose above the noise of the past-its-first-youth engine that, by the time they reached Little Drabfurrow, the blessings of bachelordom had never seemed so concrete.

"What a tiny cottage!" observed the mayoress. "Fancy Miss Prunella Firkin staying in a place like that!"

"Precisely, madam," said Belvedere Tipp. "Nobody would think of looking for her in a place like this."

But Miss Firkin had apparently been looking for them, for, as they walked up the path, the front door opened. Miss Firkin had a deep dislike of being taken by surprise.

"Do come in," she invited, with all the limited warmth at her command. "I leave for town this afternoon, but we can, I am sure, have a most instructive chat before I go."

The mayoress's book lay open on the table. By it lay a standard work on the same subject and in Miss Firkin's hand was a sheet of paper on which, in her neat handwriting, were tabulated several points of difference calculated to keep the mayoress going as long as it was necessary.

"Well," said Belvedere Tipp, with benign approval, "I think you two ladies will be perfectly happy together, so if you will excuse me I will attend to some business of my own and call for the mayoress later on."

"Oh, no!" said Miss Firkin, decisively, "your contribution to our discussion is likely to be of great value, Mr. Tipp!"

Belvedere Tipp tried, unsuccessfully, to avoid her eye.

"Do stay!" pressed the mayoress, with a smile which, in anyone else, would have been winning "You have only heard the merest outline of my theories so far."

"And I must ask you, Mr. Tipp," added Miss Firkin, with a "you-asked-for-it" look, "kindly not to smoke in this room."

Belvedere Tipp lowered himself with ponderous resignation into an inadequate armchair with a faded chintz cover. "Pray proceed with your discussion," he said, coldly.

The presence of one whom she believed to be an expert, had anything but a chastening effect upon the mayoress. But it soon became apparent that the mayoress's shrill dogmatism was undermining Miss Firkin's cautious reticence. There was an unwonted glint in her normally frigid eye and her interjections, carefully calculated and innocuous at first, rapidly grew more frequent and increasingly pointed.

To Belvedere Tipp, roused from an early hope of somnolence, the scene had the elements of those feline contests which took place with such distressing frequency on the rooftops behind the respectable private hotel at which he resided. As far as his combatants were concerned he had ceased to exist. An impartial observer would probably have said that the mayoress was gaining the day by sheer steam-roller methods, but Miss Firkin was displaying hidden powers of repartee and persistence that her employer never dreamt she possessed.

The scene held a curious fascination for Belvedere Tipp and time passed so quickly that when he pulled out his watch as a precautionary check, he leapt to his feet in alarm.

"Miss Firkin," he cried, urgently. "Your meeting of the Pre-natal Band of Hope!"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Miss Firkin, with a final malignant glance at the mayoress. "I must fly! Mr. Tipp, would you be so good as to start my car while I put my things on?"

Almost before Belvedere Tipp had had time to press the self-starter of the baby car which Miss Firkin had bought with the bonus from a specially remunerative case, his secretary was out of the cottage and ready to start.

"Oh, dear," she cried, fumbling in her handbag and producing a key, "now I've forgotten to lock up. Do please do it for me, Mr. Tipp. We shall meet to-morrow and you can give me the key back then. And do, please," she added in a loud voice, "tell your friend how much I've enjoyed and benefited from our little chat."

But the mayoress had already thrust herself gushingly forward. "The pleasure's mine, Miss Firkin," she assured her. "You must come to our Mothers' Circle. There is so much upon which I am sure we shall ultimately agree that . . ."

But Miss Firkin was well down the road, getting into second gear.

"Now, madam," said Belvedere Tipp, "if you will make yourself comfortable in the car, I will lock up the cottage. We must make haste, or your husband will be wondering what has become of us."

If her husband occupied any place in her thoughts, the mayoress gave no sign of it when Belvedere Tipp returned. Her book, which in the course of the discussion, had acquired a liberal sprinkling of black pencil crosses, lay open on her lap. The homeward run held for her the promise of a long, uninterrupted discourse.

She was just getting into her stride as Belvedere Tipp pressed the self-starter. Nothing happened. He pressed it again. The engine remained silent. The founder of Delicate Missions, Limited, made clicking noises with his tongue. The mayoress halted in mid-diatribe. Belvedere Tipp made a final effort and turned gravely to his companion.

"Madam," he said, "I regret to say that the battery has run down. And I fear that this is too heavy a car for me to crank."

The mayoress looked less pleased with herself. "You must telephone for help," she said. "Horace can come and fetch us."

"I regret to say," Belvedere Tipp informed her, "that Miss Firkin's cottage is not on the telephone."

The mayoress closed her book petulantly. "Then the nearest telephone's at Sludgeback Post office," she cried. "It's five miles away. We can't walk!"

Belvedere Tipp raised a soothing hand. "I suggest, madam," he purred, "that you make yourself comfortable in Miss Firkin's cottage while I walk to the telephone. But first, if I may make so bold, I will ask you to allow me to make you some tea."

The mayoress was rapidly adjusting herself to the situation. "Oh, well, it can't be helped," she said, coyly, "but you must let *me* make the tea, Mr. Tipp! I can't let you walk all that way without having something first! It may be ages before we get home. Horace is such a slow driver."

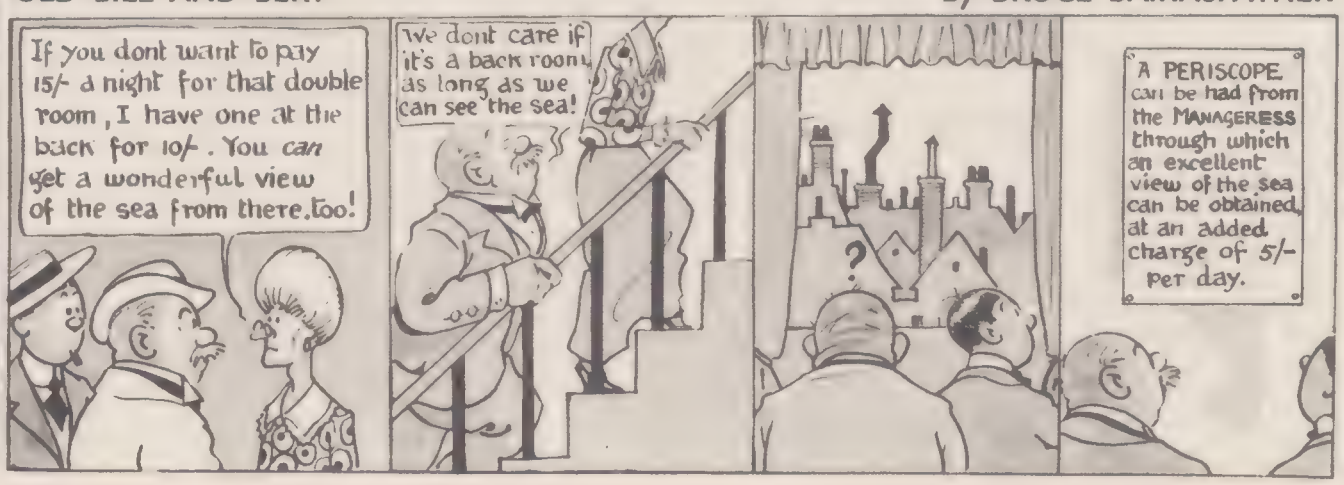
"That," said Belvedere Tipp, "is very kind of you, madam. Most thoughtful, I'm sure."

Miss Firkin's larder proved to contain other things beside tea.

"If I may suggest it, madam," said Belvedere Tipp, "I feel sure that in the circumstances Miss Firkin would not object to our treating ourselves to a meal, as we are likely to have so long to wait. If you will be good enough to cut some sandwiches, I will lay the table and open these tins of fruit."

And before the mayoress had time to give the matter her customary fulsome consideration, she found herself sitting

OLD BILL AND BERT — By BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



down to a *tête-à-tête* supper with her husband's new friend. What is more, she found the experience both pleasant and intriguing. So much so that the sudden sound of a car drawing up outside, brought a guilty pink tinge to her leathery complexion.

"I wonder——" she exclaimed.

"Yes," confirmed Belvedere Tipp, after peering out of the window, "it is your husband."

The mayor was thundering at the door before Belvedere Tipp had time to open it.

"Is my wife here?" he demanded, pushing past Belvedere Tipp and marching into the sitting-room. "Good God! Alone!"

"My dear sir——" protested Belvedere Tipp.

"Don't be absurd, Horace," said the mayoress. "Miss Firkin——"

"Where is she?" roared the mayor. "Produce her. What? Gone back to town?"

"But—but—it's true," stammered the mayoress, startled into submission by her husband's unheard of belligerence, "and Mr. Tipp's own car won't start, so we thought——"

"What's the matter with it?" bellowed the mayor, turning rampantly upon Belvedere Tipp.

"I fear, sir, the battery——"

"Battery? Bah! We'll see about that! Come outside, both of you!"

"Oh, Horace——" quavered the mayoress, taking her cue from Belvedere Tipp and following him out.

The mayor was already at the car. "Where's the ignition key?" he snapped.

With a fine show of trapped guilt, Belvedere Tipp produced it.

"Mr. Tipp!" cried the mayoress, indignantly. "Then you—— Oh, Horace——!"

The mayor drew himself up with tubby but dramatic calm. "So," he cried, "it has come to this! My wife, who denies me the right to perform my civic duties towards a daughter of Mudham, descends to low intrigue with my best friend! The wife whom I have ever cherished, to whom I have been ever faithful, deserts me for a low-bred cur who has eaten of my salt! The wife who cannot trust me out of her sight with a pure-minded film actress, sneaks away as soon as my back is turned with a fat——"

"Stop, Horace, stop!" wailed the mayoress. "It's all a mistake! Let me explain! Only take me back and you can do anything you like with Shirley Stella. It was for your own good that I didn't want you to waste time on her. But if you want to let her make a fool of you, I shall say nothing. Oh, Horace take me away!"

The mayor paced majestically up and down and finally came to a stop in front of his wife. "Get in the car!" he ordered. "We'll go into this at home. As for you, sir!" he cried, turning to Belvedere Tipp.

Belvedere Tipp hung his head. The mayoress's back being turned, she failed to see the wink that passed between them. And when Belvedere Tipp entered his own car after they had gone, he first carefully placed in his pocket book the substantial cheque that had passed with the wink.

It was not often that Belvedere Tipp troubled to keep in touch with his clients after a case was completed, but on this occasion an interest in how the civic reception to Mudham's illustrious daughter had turned out led him to telephone the mayor.

The mayor was decidedly chirpy. "Life's almost worth living now, Mr. Tipp," he said. "The mayoress is a changed woman."

"I am delighted to hear it, sir," purred Belvedere Tipp. "I gather, then, that the mayoress kept her word in not objecting to your meeting Miss Shirley Stella?"

The Mayor's chirpiness became somewhat dulled. "It was all right as far as the mayoress was concerned," he said, with a distinct note of gloom, "but we made a mistake about Shirley Stella."

"Dear me," murmured Belvedere Tipp, "wasn't she—er—quite—er——"

"She wasn't a 'she' at all," said the mayor, disgustedly. "It was a man."

GARDEN OF GLAMOUR

HUNDREDS of technical experts and specialists, busy making perfect schemes for the great Woman's Fair and Exhibition at Olympia in November, are combining to produce a spectacle as well as a thorough and comprehensive representation of all that interests woman.

Fashion, beauty, health and fitness, mothercraft, home-planning, decoration, leisure—all these spheres will be covered with a freshness and brilliance that will fascinate everybody.

FASHION The Theatre of Fashion Arts, seating 1,250 visitors, will forecast fashion for 1939 The world's greatest fashion creators have designed all these fashions, which have been made in British materials by British workpeople.

British girls will introduce these clothes in an entirely different way, one in which cinema back projection and other mechanical devices never before used will be employed to give the correct background and "atmosphere" to each particular fashion.

BEAUTY Women will find all manner of intriguing things concerning that eternal question, "How do I look, my dear?" They will find experts to tell how they look, why they look like they do, and how they can look even better. In fact, the "Garden of Glamour" will be one of the most spectacular features of the Exhibition, for some of the most famous creators of glamorous stage and screen stars will be there to give visitors the benefit of their vast experience.

The "Garden of Glamour" is going to live up to its name. Visitors will be able to lounge beside a swimming pool, fringed with palms and tropical plants, while they watch spectacular swimming cabarets and displays of the latest beach wear.

MOTHERS' HOUSE Britain's maternity services should claim the attention of every woman, and Woman's Fair and Exhibition will make a practical contribution to the problem. Many eminent people have helped to plan "Mothers' House," in which will be co-ordinated under one roof the pre-natal, maternity and post-natal services.

"Mothers' House" will show how a perfect maternity service could be maintained in every town, offering everything that modern science can devise in an atmosphere that is kind and peaceful. There will, of course, also be adequate facilities for obtaining advice and information from experts.

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A FRIEND in Paris, who is definitely "in the know" regarding fashions, says that tailored suits retain their popularity. They still occupy a prominent place in the smart woman's wardrobe for at least nine months of the year, and the Paris collections show the variety to which they can attain.

Worth makes them extremely dressy, sometimes of heavy faille, solid colour, or of satin, printed in armorial designs. Vera Borea has made an evening tailored suit of black pique with all-over soutache embroidery, which can also be worn to cocktails or at informal dinners.

There are delicious little lace tailor-mades, suits of coarse nets and of crepe printed in tiny flowers, as well as the classical morning suits of tweed, rough linen and wool.

Wraps run from the short boleros through the jackets of various types to the still popular redingotes. Worth gives style to boleros by cutting them of beautiful taffetas to accompany robes of mousseline incrusted with velvet or of lace, to accompany one-colour satins.

Lucien Lelong's boleros are often longer at the back and are brightened by vivid belts of satin or velvet. Marcel Rochas uses almost as many two-toned jackets as redingotes; checked jackets trimmed with braids, in two wools, the top striped, the lower part solid colours.

★ Great varieties of sheer materials are made up into exquisite evening wear. Schiaparelli made an enchanting dress of white muslin patterned with blue flowers, for part of the wedding trousseau of the Grand Duchess Hyra of Russia. And this was only one of many, for Lelong also makes débutante frocks of chiffon and tulle, or in organza in sweet pea colourings, while Chanel embroiders white organdie dresses with wavy designs in narrow sarcenet ribbon.

Mainbocher also uses tulle, organdie and organza, one white organza frock being printed in navy blue irises.

White is still popular for evening wear and at most of the important Paris parties, the majority of the women wear all white ensembles, some of them with white capes of fox fur mounted on chiffon.

★ My friend tells me also that there are now beauty bars in Paris. The smart Parisienne always looks as though fresh from a bandbox, and she is now to have even greater facilities than ever for maintaining that reputation.

When she wants to remake-up her face, she has only to step into a beauty bar, where she will be able to change her clothes for those that she left at the bar early in the day, and go on to her next engagement, not only more suitably dressed but also as fresh as ever. She can slip off a frock crushed at a matinée and have it pressed before going off to the next date.

A crushed collar can be replaced, shoes can be shined, and if she is just too tired for anything, a refreshing shower will revive her.

The manicurist will retouch her nails and a hairdresser do just the necessary trifle to her hair. And, of course, a full choice of creams and make-up odds and ends are at the client's disposal.

★ Not very long ago my uncle took me into the garden to show me an experiment he had made with some plants. He had planted two rows of carnations. One row he had left to come up as best they may. The other row had a queer arrangement of wire above them.

There was a stick at each end of the row, and joining the tops of these was a piece of copper wire. From this piece of wire, which was about eighteen inches from the ground, other smaller copper wires were joined and brought down and buried about an inch or two in the ground by the side of each of the carnations. It all looked rather like a wireless aerial with lots of earth wires.

The astounding thing was that the carnation plants standing beside this Heath Robinson looking affair were about four times the size of those in the row which had been left to grow in the ordinary way.

★ One of the snags of getting sun-tanned is the problem of using the right shade of face powder for, during the browning process, the colour of the skin is slightly different day by day, and a "dipped in the flour-bin" nose looks dreadful.

In fact, there's only one thing worse and that is when sun-tan is fading and too-brown powder is usedwhich makes you look as if you have been smelling lilies which had covered your nose with their yellow pollen.

The only solution is to change the shade of your powder almost every day. This may sound rather extravagant, but it's not really, for I know of some powder made in four shades (natural, peach, rachel and riviera) which, by easy mixing, can be made into ten gradual shades or even ten thousand.

To show you how this can be done, the makers have produced a graduated colour chart giving you the proportions in which you may blend the powders to suit yourself.

This chart, with four generous sample powders, is really worth having, so I

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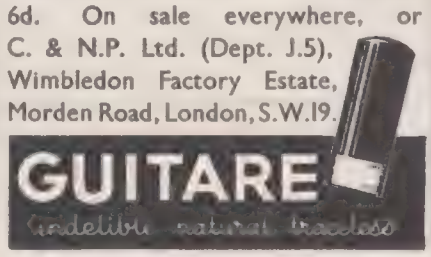

A delicate afternoon dress of lace, trimmed with flowers.
MODEL BY ERTL NEUBERT, VIENNA

VIRGINIA HALL'S PAGE

A beautifully tailored summer suit in a lovely blackberry shade.
MODEL BY DORVILLE

An evening gown of pastel blue lace-work, trimmed with ribbon velvet of the same shade.
MODEL BY BALENCIAGA

have made arrangements to have one sent to any PASSING SHOW reader who writes to me, marking her envelope "Powder Chart" and enclosing a three-halfpenny stamp to cover postage. The free sample will get you through quite a number of "lily-white to mahogany brown" changes so that you can give the powder a real trial before you buy the bigger boxes.

★ While I was spending the night at an inn, miles away from anywhere, I started chatting with some of the country people about home-brewed wines (or "woines," as they were called). One dear old bewhiskered man said, "Ah, missy, you can't baite carrot woine."

Another man, who should have been concentrating on his darts, rather than listening to us, chipped in with: "Ah bain't never heard tell o' carrot woine."

Anyhow, my friend of the white whiskers proceeded to tell me how "carrot woine" is made. Evidently it is exactly the same recipe as parsnip wine except that carrots are used.

To 5 lbs. prepared carrots, allow 1 gallon water and to each gallon of liquor, 3 lbs. of preserving sugar, a slice of toast and a very little yeast. Clean and peel the carrots and rinse in fresh water. Cut them into thin slices and weigh. Boil them with the above proportion of water until quite tender, keeping the lid off the saucepan. Strain, pressing out all the water, strain again through a fine sieve or jelly-bag.

Put the liquid into a preserving pan with the sugar and boil for three-quarters of an hour. Pour this into a tub or pan and, when lukewarm, add the toast spread with a very little yeast. Cover with a thick cloth and leave for ten days, stirring every day.

Strain the liquid into a cask and keep filling up until fermentation has ceased, then close up tightly and leave for six months, at least, before bottling.

That's "carrot woine" for you.

★ I suffer from hayfever. Not so badly as some people, whose lives are made unbearable during the greater part of the summer. But elder-berry flowers, lupins and pinks cause me to sneeze very quickly and bright, white light makes my eyes water, resulting in a cold-like nose-blowing and a definite bull-terrier look around the eyes.

And when I went to a tennis party, the other afternoon, thinking the worst of the hayfever season was over, I began streaming at the eyes, which quite ruined the game as far as I was concerned.

I don't know whether it was the new-mown grass or the bright light, but eventually my hostess had to take me into the house. There she gave me some stuff which instantly relieved my desire to scratch out my eyes.

Actually she dropped some liquid in the corners of each of my eyes with a fountain pen filler and soon I was able to go out into the garden, cured again.

Since then, I have learned that this hay-fever remedy will ease far worse cases than mine. It is a great help even to those who can hardly see or speak and it definitely stops that beastly tickling at the top of the nose.

All you do is put a drop in each eye three or four times during the morning and again in the evening in the case of severe hayfever, and only two or three times throughout the twenty-four hours in moderate cases.

Write to me, marking your envelope "Hayfever," should you want to know more. If you would prefer, I will have a bottle sent to you on receipt of a postal order for 4s. 9d. (crossed & Co.).

★ Friends have two small children. During a thunderstorm, one of them was very frightened. Her sister reassured her thus: "You don't want to be frightened of that—it's only the devil on his motor-bike."

If you are interested in any of the things mentioned in these pages, please write to Virginia Hall, c/o "The Passing Show," 92 Long Acre, W.C.2, for she is very willing to help

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I SAW first my own reflection in the pool of blue water, saw it gradually fade into the background to be replaced by another picture—a picture of the road leading back to the logan-stone through which we had entered Ooloom. There were no problems of Time or Space to delay our progress now, only a delightful sense of swift and effortless journeying over familiar ground—of pausing here and there until understanding came to the one who accompanied me.

It seemed that I was called upon frequently to wait while another drew level with me in understanding scenes through which I was wafted as in a dream. Beyond the logan-stone, for example, was the inlet where the *Solar Star* lay at anchor just off the shore, and here I experienced a sense of great wonder.

This bewildered me until I realised I was viewing these pictures through eyes other than my own—through the mind of Eenoon, in fact, whom I had last seen standing close beside me at the edge of the pool. It was Eenoon's influence that asserted itself to stay the flow of pictures while he studied something which puzzled him. On these occasions, my mind was acquainted with the problem and I answered it if I could. Thus, in reality, it was Eenoon who marvelled at sight of the *Solar Star*, and through me he learned at last how and why we had come to Ooloom by way of an ancient and long-forgotten road. While we tarried there by the inlet I saw Captain Barley and Davy, the engineer, talking and enjoying a pipe of tobacco on deck, and the sight of their pipes brought a shock of surprise.

Who were these strangers?

And so it went on until Eenoon had done with the wonders of the ship. There followed an urge to continue this queer journey. After leaving the inlet we passed through every stage of the yacht's progress since the voyage began. I lived again through each crisis—saw myself on deck during that fateful Sunday night of January 15 when the world changed.

I saw New York, the shipping in the Hudson River, and was staggered by the animated scene with which I was actually so well acquainted. Moreover, I was shocked to the depths, utterly disgusted as well as frightened, by what I saw. The great city's teeming millions, Broadway and East Side, the incredible speed of vehicles, the bewildering tempo of life—of everything there which went to make our modern civilisation. It was overpowering, unbelievable! Surely this was another world—that same Hell which looms so large in every human philosophy, the world over? Surely there were no other places in the world like this. . . .?

There were, of course!

My efforts to answer the questions Eenoon thrust upon my mind brought us away over the broad Atlantic to the hub of an Empire. We traversed London from east to west, saw Piccadilly Circus, the traffic congestion at the Mansion House and other scenes to astound Eenoon—such as a glimpse of the great railway termini where iron monsters palpitated with prisoned energy.

Gradually we crept from the great city's inmost bounds to the slum areas surrounding it, and through my mind Eenoon studied the human herds who congregated there. Question after question was hurled at me, poured into my mind until I reeled under the strain, and always the demand was for the motive.

What could I tell of my own people, of that great civilisation in which I was born? I had to reveal that modern man no longer laboured for the love of his craft, that for the most part he was no longer an individual but one of a herd which banded together because they had not the moral courage to live alone. His motive for living? The motive was Money—Money, the Universal God before whom all men bowed! The desire for easy living, greed, the craving after pleasure which fools mistake for happiness—these were among the motives of mankind now, the cornerstones of the civilisation of which he was so proud. . . .

How else could I answer in the Mirror of Truth?

Shaking, so that I could hardly stand,

WORLD WITHOUT TIME

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

SAM KILLICK, a journalist, is describing what happened when he was a member of a cruising party, sailing the southern seas in the yacht *Solar Star*, which was in charge of

CAPTAIN JOHN BARLEY, a grey-haired veteran, who realised something had gone wrong with the world when all laws of navigation were upset by a storm that wrecked the yacht's radio and disabled her engines. Meanwhile,

JAMES HENRY WENDERBY, twenty-six-year-old millionaire-owner of the *Solar Star*, and his friends,

"TINY" MILTON, gigantic in stature and in good nature, and Wenderby's cousin, sinister

DOCTOR GEORGE THORMANSON, whose brilliance as a scientist is outweighed by his greed, are surprised when a plane lands to leeward of the yacht, revealing lovely

SALLY ALTON, noted girl flier and one of America's most photographed women, and her secretary,

NINA LENNOX, another beauty. They started out on a long-distance flight, but difficulties in navigation, caused by the storm, were too much for them and they were lost when they sighted the yacht. Eventually, the *Solar Star* drifts to the Antarctic continent and a party goes ashore to explore. Thormanson finds a great stone door leading into a strange new land where they meet a giant,

EENOON, who explains that they are in the land of Ooloom, a land of giants. Thormanson starts trouble when he shoots a giant to get possession of a diamond, but he is disarmed and presented with a huge gem, one of millions of diamonds with which the rocks are studded. "Tiny" Milton falls in love with a beautiful young giantess,

AANEEN, who takes the yacht's party to a vast dining hall. After realising that these giants communicate mainly by telepathy and that each of their days is governed by six months of polar darkness, the party goes to a cave where, in the presence of Eenoon, they are about to undergo an eerie experiment.

W. J. PASSINGHAM continues his serial story of the third world, by showing you what Sam Killick saw in the mirror of truth

ILLUSTRATED BY T. GRAINGER JEFFREY

"Not fear, but awe held me prisoner just inside the entrance to that well-lighted apartment. I stood there aghast at my own temerity, yet I also wondered—for I was looking upon the first signs of age in the country called Ooloom"

bathed in perspiration, I came out of that hypnotic spell to find Eenoon comforting me as one comforts a child. I was swaying beside the little pool of blue water, being steadied on my feet by the vast arm of Eenoon, the giant.

"Never again!" I swore weakly at Eenoon. Even now, I did not realise what great secrets of nature these big people could command. He smiled gently at my protest and slowly led Tiny Milton to the edge of the blue water.

"Don't stand for it, Tiny," I urged. "These people can control your mind and your very senses. They use our minds to see the world outside and then . . ."

"Don't worry, Sam," Tiny answered confidently. "Somehow, I know we are safe in the hands of these people. There's no danger. They know the great powers which once belonged to all human kind in the beginning, mental forces bred in us when the world was young. We threw away our birthright for a thing called civilisation, I guess, but these people had a different sense of values. They prized and preserved their natural and mental powers above all things. Don't refuse them, Sam, because . . ."

Tiny's voice died down to silence as Eenoon exerted his uncanny influence, and then both men stared down into the water. Side by side, they stood at the edge of the pool, with Eenoon's arm around Tiny's broad shoulders just as it had encircled my own. A deep silence reigned in the vast cavern. Tiny Milton stood at ease, staring into the blue water smiling at something he saw there. I noted that Eenoon was exerting himself, as one who strains to break real but invisible fetters—and it was all to no purpose.

Something was wrong!

He relaxed at last, and drew Tiny away from the water. A swift glance at the giant's wide eyes, and I saw that he was keenly disappointed. For some reason I could not understand, the experiment with Tiny Milton had failed this time.

Eenoon's gaze turned now until he was looking straight at Aaneen, and then he began to smile slowly, gently, at something he must have found amusing. Then I saw her blush as the purport of his message reached her, and she stretched out a hand very, very slowly toward the bemused Tiny. There was a radiance, a great joy in her eyes, which needed no interpretation.

Aaneen loved Tiny Milton!

Slowly, her arm descended in a gesture of protection, but it never quite reached Tiny Milton. Eenoon's head began to tilt significantly and Aaneen watched him closely. What she read in the big fellow's eyes I do not know, except that she acted as one who had received a stern warning. Her arm was withdrawn and she turned away, slowly, slowly. . . .

Then it was that I, who had watched all these things closely, saw something akin to pity on the face of Eenoon. His own great hand went out toward her, grasped her arm at last, and into Aaneen's hand he pressed that of Tiny Milton. For a few moments the big people stared back at each other, and she apparently found a measure of comfort in this contemplation. Her grip on Tiny's hand tightened, while he himself acted as a man awakening from a deep sleep.

"I don't like this business, Sam," whispered Jimmy Wenderby, anxiously. "What happened to you when you looked down into the water?"

I explained as quickly as I could and added: "It looks to me as though Tiny has fallen for the big girl, Jimmy."

"That's just how it looks to me," Jimmy agreed. "But it just can't go on, can it? We've got to get away from here some time and Tiny . . ."

"Leave Tiny to look after himself,"

(*please turn over*)

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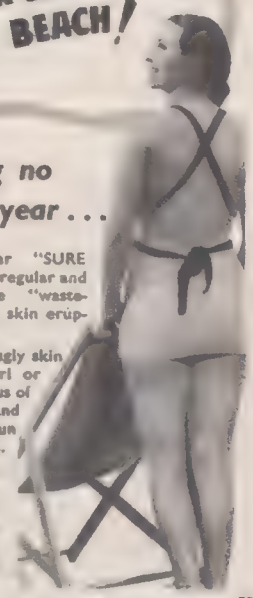

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Sally Alton advised, darkly. "People in love don't take interference kindly, at any time. He'll come to no harm with Aaneen, or I know nothing about women. You don't happen to be jealous, do you?"

"Me!" exclaimed Jimmy, indignantly, and then laughed softly. "No, Sally," he went on, distinctly. "In this case, I'm certainly not jealous."

There was a world of meaning in his words and I saw Sally turn away abruptly. It occurred to me then that complications were arising on all sides which none of us had bargained for and, in spite of myself, I grinned. Jim and Sally seemed a safe bet now and Tiny and his goddess looked an odds-on chance to me. I was still grinning at these possibilities when a small, soft hand touched my own.

"It's no laughing matter, Sam," said Nina, gloomily. "I don't like the way Sally looks at your pal, Wenderby. She's an aviator and that's no way to marriage."

"Don't worry," I comforted, squeezing her hand. "Maybe you'll find another job without any trouble at all."

"But I don't want another job!" Nina insisted. "It's time I talked sense to Sally."

"There's a lot of ideas about what makes sense," I told her and chuckled.

As Nina turned away, George Thormanson tugged urgently at my sleeve. "You ought to talk with Milton about his relationship with the big woman, Killick," he said, "because he wouldn't listen to me."

"Everybody seems to be anxious about somebody else just now," I complained. "Why?"

"Think it over for yourself," he said. "I've talked about these giants until I'm tired. Don't you realise that they live and have their being on a different time-scale from our own? Suppose Aaneen happens to be two hundred years of age, according to our own ideas about Time?"

"Now look here, George," I said, impatiently. "I always give way to your expert knowledge on scientific matters, but if you try to tell me that Aaneen is two hundred years old, I'll raise a shout they'll hear way back aboard the *Solar Star*!"

"Have it your own way," he said, resignedly. "Here's Eenoon coming after you again. Don't refuse to take his message. You're our only hope now that Milton has failed us."

"Do you know why he failed, George?"

"That's an easy one. Milton failed because there was something of much greater importance to occupy his mind." Thormanson smiled. "I suspect that Eenoon couldn't shift from Milton's mind the picture of Aaneen. In fact, I'm certain of it! Now do your stuff again. We've a lot to learn here before we go home."

I don't believe that Thormanson, or any one of us from the *Solar Star* for that matter, so much as dreamed the extent of our ignorance, in regard to the country called Ooloom. But it was a fact that Eenoon looked at me anxiously and hopefully, as he came stepping out slowly and majestically in my direction. To save time, I went to meet him, reflecting that after all, another dose of mental telepathy wouldn't hurt me.

Eenoon's eyes seemed to bore into my very mind when I stood before him and again there followed a terrific mental struggle between us. I must say that these communications proved very exhausting at first, but they became easier with each succeeding experiment. The trick of it was to become quite passive, to yield to the influence as it attacked your mind. Without the terrific mental force at the command of the giants, however, the whole thing would have been impossible. I afterwards learned that they were amazed at our weakness in the matter of taking mental messages, for, among themselves, it was the most natural and the chief means of communication—especially over long distances when their powers were far superior to the telephonic methods of modern civilisation.

Gradually, my mind was emptied of all extraneous thoughts and then there rose before my mental vision the detailed picture of a road leading from the cave where we were standing. It was a straight and rugged path over rocks toward the foothills of a high mountain and, over the mountain itself—which was shrouded in mist and indistinct—hung a pall of black smoke, drifting in all directions. Far away down this road, I could see the figure of a giant standing, with hand upraised in our direction, and when we had overtaken and passed him there stood another to guide us on our journey.

I understood, from Eenoon, that everybody in his country now knew of our arrival and had been waiting at their stations on the road for some time to guide us to their chief. Furthermore, it would be much better for us all to make this journey willingly, for otherwise we would have to walk that long road under a psychic influence from which there was no escape.

It seemed, too, that our arrival was regarded as a momentous happening, for no one living in Ooloom had ever before looked upon people who lived beyond its borders. In the long, long ago there had been visitors to Ooloom, regular visitors who came to barter their goods, but when the great Catastrophe befell the world the ancient road was closed. Great glaciers formed, the wind and the ice-mountains arose, to make the ancient road impassable. All who strove to enter the country after the great Catastrophe perished from cold and exposure.

Stranger still, our coming had fulfilled a recent prophecy spoken by a very important person in the land—someone depicted by Eenoon as the "Mouth of Ooloom."

And now this important personage, whose mental portrait eluded me, was anxious to meet us all from the outer world. Eenoon appeared to plead with me—to plead that I and the others with me would go of our own free will to keep this appointment, since any form of coercion was distasteful to them. If we still refused, of course, nothing remained but force, since the commands of the great one must be obeyed. . . .

When I was sufficiently recovered, I explained the situation to the others and they agreed to go—although Jimmy Wenderby seemed reluctant to risk such a journey with Sally and Nina into the unknown. Thormanson, on the other hand, seemed delighted at the prospect, and I think Tiny Milton would have deserted us if we had refused Eenoon's request. To the two girls, it was all an exciting adventure and they were eager to go. Aaneen took Tiny Milton's hand, again, and we followed them out of the cavern through an opening in its farther end. There before us stretched a wide, rough road over the rocks, just as I had seen it through the mind of Eenoon. In the distance, too, we saw one of the giants standing with hand upraised. . . .

Thus, after Aaneen and Tiny had parted, began our strange journey into the heart of the country called Ooloom.

We had passed the first giant, had acknowledged his great smile of welcome and I had my eyes on the next sentinel, in the distance ahead, when a gasp of alarm from Sally Alton brought the party to a standstill.

"Hell!" gasped Tiny Milton, at the same moment. "Heads up, Sam!"

But I had already seen the danger and stopped dead in my tracks. "That gun, Tiny!" I said, tensely. "Be careful. . . ."

A queer sensation obsessed me just then, a sense of security which caused me to lay a detaining hand upon Tiny. "There's no danger," I declared, in low tones. "No danger at all."

Yet the creature that stared back at us with owl-like eyes from the summit of a low ridge of rocks looked as fierce and as formidable as any I had seen outside a cage at the zoo. It was larger than an ox, when it rested on its four feet, but its proportions were very different from that familiar ruminant. The beast confronting us was covered with a dense growth of long, grey-black hair and, at the moment, was poised upon two short, massive hind limbs. There was a heavy tail flopping behind it and held in front of its body were long, slender, loose-jointed fore-feet. All its feet were armed with large, powerful claws spread out menacingly. The head was heavy, fleshy, long in the muzzle and crowned with two tufts of grey bristles. From either side of its mouth protruded two short, white tusks.

"What do you know about this, George?" I said, shakily.

"Megatherium. Certain of it!" he announced briefly. "I'd say it was a giant sloth—a giant sloth of the Pleistocene period, and. . . . Look! There's another one coming!"

Sure enough, I saw the head of another such creature coming into view above the summit of the rocks and beside it, also, came a familiar figure—the figure of an Ooloomian. The giant's hand was already raised threateningly and the big, furry creature cringed—moved back over the brow of the rocks and disappeared from view. Not until we had walked on and could see what lay on the other side of the ridge did we understand. There were at least a hundred sloths herded together, with a giant shepherd in charge of them.

"Well, I'll be. . . ." Thormanson's voice trailed off in amazement. "Cattle!

"Could I take out your appendix as a down payment?"

Giant sloths for cattle. This accounts for fur coats, for the milk and the . . . Yes, that 'veal' was sloth-meat!"

We walked on, a rather silent party, toward the next sentinel. I can't speak for the others, but just then I was thinking of the "veal" we had enjoyed so much and gazed in dismay at its strange origin. After that, we went on, prepared for other suprises, but encountered none for the first mile or so of our journey. Then the scene on either side began to change. Barren rocks gave place to vast open spaces, green with the growth of coarse moss-grass, which fed herds of sloths.

"We're learning slowly, Killick," Thormanson remarked, as we passed and returned the salutation of the third sentinel along the road. "But there seems to be a real mystery in this place and one we've all overlooked."

"The real mystery?" I questioned. "Which one might that be?"

"You haven't noticed it yet?" he asked, incredulously. "Well, where are the old people and the children, about here? All we've met, so far, are people in the prime of life. It just doesn't make sense!"

"Nothing makes sense here," I said.

"There's another thing," he went on. "Where are the confounded cemeteries, anyway? I suppose they have to die here, sometime? It seems to me that we haven't really seen this country yet. The real centre of Ooloom is nearer that volcano and perhaps we'll find the answers there."

I was not interested in cemeteries just then and made no answer. We were approaching the end of our journey and, for the first time since leaving the ship, I felt very tired. I could see the foothills clearly, now, and a small group of giants who evidently awaited our coming where the road ceased.

"Here we are," I said, turning to the others trailing behind me, and then I saw that Sally and Nina were almost asleep on their feet—supported by Tiny and Jim who were in no better case. Not until that moment, did I remember the passing of time and that we were still subject to it. For now I knew that whatever else might happen, I must sleep. Only the exciting circumstances of our position had kept us all going for so many hours. What was the time? My watch registered thirty minutes past three. But was it day or night in my own time scale?

How could I tell the time in a place where perpetual daylight reigned for six months?

The deputation of giants awaiting us, were smiling and striving to make us welcome in their own slow fashion. We were treated with every courtesy but I, for one, was too tired to appreciate it. The sight of fatigue among the rest of the party had hastened my own weariness to a point where I had to lie down. When one of the giants approached me with a fixed stare I looked back at him with a picture of a comfortable four-poster bed firmly fixed in my mind. I felt his surprise, and then his consternation at what he learned from me. He turned back to his friends, and I watched their slow gestures wearily. We all sat down on the rocks to rest, and I explained the situation to the others.

"I hope they understand what sleep means," Nina said. "We may have been up day and night without knowing it."

"Sam and George seemed fresh enough when we were on the road," Jimmy remembered. "We could hardly keep pace with them, could we, Sally?"

I heard Tiny Milton chuckle drowsily, and saw that Sally Alton's head was resting against his shoulder. And Sally was asleep!

I have a hazy recollection of great arms lifting me as though I were a child and I was carried away to a place where daylight ceased. There was the soft comfort of furs about my ears and then consciousness left me.

My eyes opened in semi-darkness. I felt warm and comfortable, greatly refreshed. Presently, I sat upright to find myself in strange but very cosy quarters. The skins of many sloths formed my bed and I was lying on a ledge near a wall of solid rock. When my hands touched the wall it was quite warm. Farther along that same ledge, I could make out shapeless bundles lying very still and, at last, my curiosity demanded investigation. I rose cautiously, without making a sound, crept to the nearest bundle of furs and found it empty. The next bundle contained Jimmy Wenderby, still sound asleep, and then I found another empty heap. After that I found Sally and Nina sleeping side by side.

George Thormanson and Tiny Milton were missing!

The discovery left me uneasy and I started to explore. I soon decided I was in a small cave of some kind, where chinks of daylight entered high up through cracks in the walls—walls of the same porous rock I had seen elsewhere. On the tips of my toes, I crept away to find a way out of the cave. When I found it, the way led into a much larger apartment, through which I had to creep to reach an exit at the farther end. I was about half way to the exit when a queer, long-drawn sigh brought me to a halt.

I had the impression of something stirring among a bundle of furs, something that kicked vigorously, and I just had to take a look. My feet touched the side of a long box when a small arm rose slowly out from among the furs. The hand seemed small to me and I looked closer to find. . . .

A soft, clucking sound and then a flaxen, curly head rose up to greet me. I saw a face smiling lazily—looked down upon the biggest infant I have ever seen in my life!

"That settles one of George's confounded problems!" I muttered and went on my way.

Through cave after cave I crept, and with increasing anxiety, as I realised I was hopelessly lost. There was nothing for me to do now but go on and hope for the best. The deep silence of the place was getting on my nerves. This place was a realm of sleep. There were gently heaving bundles of furs, the deep and gusty breathing of big people to suggest a vast dormitory.

And then I found a cave with more daylight than the others through which I had passed, and with two doorways, apart from the opening by which I had entered. I chose an exit where the light was strongest, stepped over the threshold cautiously, and then froze in my tracks at what I saw there.

I saw a giant seated, cross-legged, on a small platform of ancient wood, a huge man with long, white hair falling in profusion like a mane over bowed, massive shoulders. My feelings at that moment are hard to recall and to describe. Not fear, but awe held me prisoner just inside the entrance to that well-lighted apartment. I stood there, aghast at my own temerity, yet I also wondered—for I was looking upon the first signs of age in the country called Ooloom.

He looked like a patriarch, and of his spiritual power I was fully aware as his eyes were lifted to gaze at me. I tried to turn my head away, to return the way I came, and found these things impossible. Instead, I obeyed this man's unspoken command without fear, crept to his feet and sat down upon the floor.

Thereafter I was helpless, while this man searched the very heart of me for my story. I was dumb and yet I could protest at what I judged an outrage upon my liberty and person. He seemed to understand me, too, for while regret was in my mind his hand reached out slowly until it covered my eyes and rested on my head as though in benediction.

You may think it strange that I, Sam Killick, serving the yellowest sheet in New York City, would fall for this kind of thing. I tell you I hadn't a chance! This was a man, and something more—a being higher than myself who gave me his blessing. I raised my head, looked back into his eyes, said "Thank you, stranger" without words, and he smiled gently—nodding his great, white head.

Mind you, no spoken words passed between us, and yet I heard a voice talking in a language I could understand. Yes, deep down inside me I understood! That conversation didn't last long, however, for hardly did it begin than there came an interruption which chilled my blood with the terror it inspired.

Shriek after shriek, loud, long-drawn, vibrating with mortal fear, arose from somewhere quite close at hand. . . .

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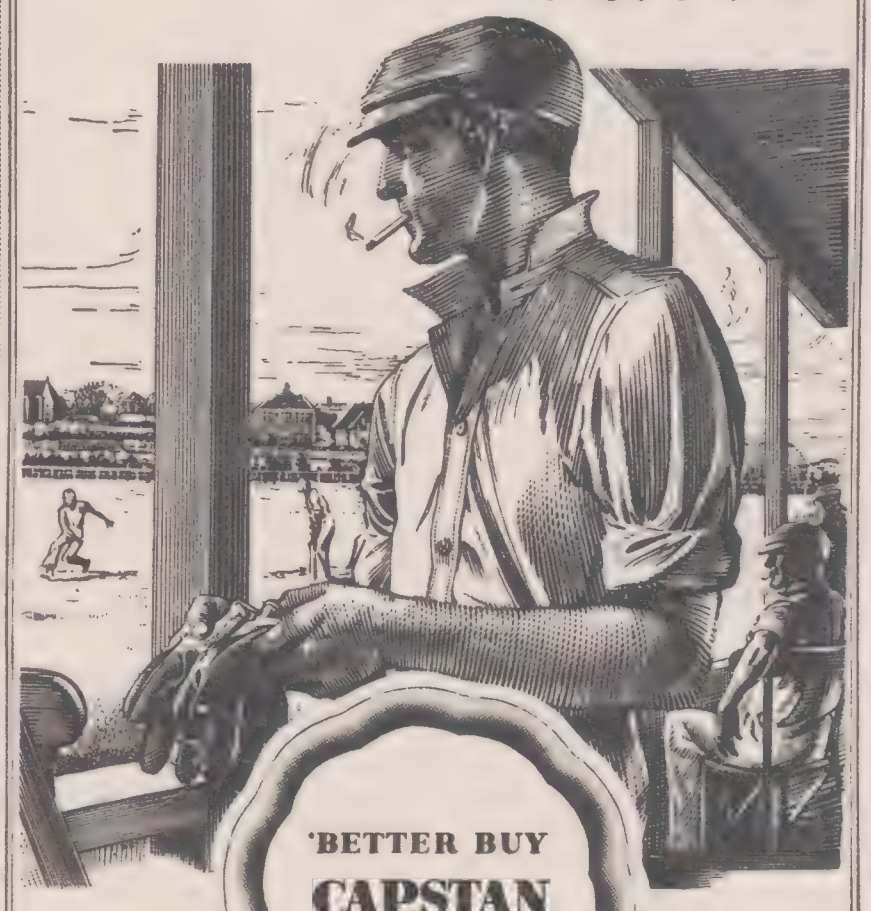

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NOT A FIGHTING MAN

(Continued from page 7)

labour and difficult and for no purpose—yet, as he had promised, so he did. And, as they sank deeper and deeper into the depths of the forest and he saw pleasant streams and wide glades, untenanted but by the deer, strange thoughts came over him. It seemed to him that the Germany he had left was very small and crowded together—it seemed to him that he had not known there was so much width to the world.

Now and then he would look at his hands—they seemed tougher and very brown, as if they did not belong to him any more. Moreover, he was dressed in skins, now—it seemed strange to be dressed in skins at first and then not strange.

Now, all this time, when he went to sleep at night, he would think of Miriam Ettelsohn. But, queerly enough, the harder he tried to summon up her face in his thoughts, the vaguer it became.

He lost track of time—there was only his map and the trading and the journey. Now it seemed to him that they should surely turn back, for their packs were full. He spoke of it to McCampbell, but McCampbell shook his head. There was a light in the Scotsman's eyes, now—a light that seemed strange to our grandfather's grandfather—and he would pray long at night, sometimes too loudly. So they came to the banks of the great river, brown and great, and saw it, and the country beyond it, like a view across Jordan. There was no end to that country—it stretched to the limits of the sky and Jacob saw it with his eyes. He was almost afraid at first, and then he was not afraid.

It was there that the strong man, McCampbell fell sick, and there that he died and was buried. Jacob buried him on a bluff overlooking the river and faced the grave to the west. In his death-sickness, McCampbell raved of the Ten Lost Tribes again and swore they were just across the river and he would go to them. It took all Jacob's strength to hold him—if it had been at the beginning of the journey, he would not have had the strength. Then he turned back—for he, too, had seen a Promised Land, not for his seed only, but for nations yet to come.

Nevertheless, he was taken by the Shawnees, in a season of bitter cold, with his last horse dead. At first, when misfortune began to fall upon him, he had wept for the loss of the horses and the good beaver. But, when the Shawnees took him, he no longer wept, for it seemed to him that he was no longer himself, but a man he did not know.

He was not concerned when they tied him to the stake and piled the wood around him, for it seemed to him, still, that it must be happening to another man. Nevertheless, he prayed, as was fitting, chanting loudly—for Zion in the wilderness, he prayed. He could smell the smell of the cedar and hear the voices that he knew—Reb Moses and Reb Nathan, and through them the curious voice of Raphael Sanchez, speaking in riddles. Then the smoke took him and he coughed. His throat was hot. He called for drink and, though they could not understand his words, all men know the sign of thirst, and they brought him a bowl, filled. He put it to his lips eagerly and drank—but the stuff in the bowl was scorching hot and burned his mouth. Very angry then was our grandfather's grandfather and, without so much as a cry, he took the bowl in both hands and flung it straight in the face of the man who had brought it, scalding him. Then there was a cry and a murmur from the Shawnees and, after some moments, he felt himself unbound and knew that he lived.

It was flinging the bowl at the man while yet he stood at the stake that saved him—for there is an etiquette about such matters. One does not burn a madman among the Indians and, to the Shawnees, Jacob's flinging the bowl proved that he was mad, for a sane man would not have done so. Or so it was explained to him later—though he was never quite sure that they had not been playing cat-and-mouse with him, to test him. Also they were much concerned by his chanting his death song in an unknown tongue and by the phylactery at his neck, for that they thought strong medicine and uncertain. But, in any case, they released him,

though they would not give him back his beaver, and that winter he passed in the lodges of the Shawnees, treated sometimes like a servant and sometimes like a guest, but always on the edge of peril. For he was strange to them, and they could not quite make up their minds about him, though the man with the scalded face had his own opinion, as Jacob could see. Yet, when the winter was milder and the hunting better than it had been in some seasons, it was he who got the credit of it, and the holy phylactery, also, and, by the end of the winter, he was talking to them of trade, though diffidently at first. Ah, our grandfather's grandfather, selig, what woes he had! And yet, it was not all woe, for he learned much woodcraft from the Shawnees and began to speak in their tongue.

Yet he did not trust them entirely, and when spring came and he could travel, he escaped. He was no longer a scholar then, but a hunter—he tried to think what day it was by the calendar, but he could only remember the Bee Moon and the Berry Moon. I shall not tell all, for who knows all? I shall not tell of the trading-post he found deserted and the hundred and forty French louis in the dead man's money belt. I shall not tell of the half-grown boy, McGillvray, that he found on the fringes of a settlement—the boy who was to be his partner in the days to come—and how they traded again with the Shawnees and got much beaver. Only this remains to be told for this is true.

It was a long time since he had even thought of Meyer Kappelhuist—the big, pushing man with red hairs on the backs of his hands. But now they were turning back towards Philadelphia, he and McGillvray, their pack horses and their beaver—and, as the paths began to grow familiar, old thoughts came into his mind.

Meyer Kappelhuist had always seemed a big man to our grandfather's grandfather. But he did not seem such a big man, met in the wilderness by chance and, at that, Jacob was amazed. Yet the greater surprise was Meyer Kappelhuist's, for he stared at our grandfather's grandfather long and puzzledly before he cried out: "But it's the little scholar!" and clapped his hand on his knee. Then they greeted each other civilly and Meyer Kappelhuist drank liquor because of the meeting, but Jacob drank nothing. For, all the time they were talking, he could see Meyer Kappelhuist's eyes fixed greedily upon his packs of beaver, and he did not like that. Nor did he like the looks of the three tame Indians who travelled with Meyer Kappelhuist and, though he was a man of peace, he kept his hand on his arms.

"And the news you have of Simon Ettelsohn and his family—it is good, no doubt, for I know you are close to them," said Jacob, before they parted.

"Close to them?" said Meyer Kappelhuist and he looked black as thunder. "The old rascal has promised his daughter to a cousin of the Seixas, a greeny, just come over, but rich, they say. But, to tell you the truth, I think we are well out of it, scholar—she was always a little too skinny for my taste," and he laughed coarsely.

"She was a rose of Sharon and a lily of the valley," said Jacob, respectfully and yet not with the pang he would have expected at such news. And with that they parted and Meyer Kappelhuist went his way. Then Jacob took a fork in the trail that McGillvray knew of—and that was as well for him. For, when he got to Lancaster, there was news of the killing of a trader by the Indians who travelled with him and, when Jacob asked for details, they showed him something dried on a willow hoop. Jacob looked at the thing and saw the hairs upon it were red.

"Scalped all right, but we got it back," said the frontiersman, with satisfaction. "The red devil had it on him when we caught him. Should have buried it, too, I guess, but we'd buried him already and it didn't seem feasible. Thought I might take it to Philadelphy, sometime—might make an impression on the governor. Say, if you're going there, you might—after all that's where he came from—be a sort of memento to his folks."

"And it might have been mine—if I had travelled with him," said Jacob.

Jacob stood before the door of Raphael Sanchez in Philadelphia. He knocked at the door with his knuckles and the old man himself peered out.

"And what is your business with me, frontiersman?" said the old man, peering.

"The price of blood for a country," said Jacob Stein. He did not raise his voice, but there was a note in it that had not been there when he first knocked at Raphael Sanchez' door.

The old man stared at him soberly. "Enter, my son," he said at last and Jacob touched the scroll by the doorpost and went in. He walked through the halls of the house as a man walks in a dream. At last he was sitting by the dark mahogany table. There was nothing changed.

"And what have you seen, my son?" said Raphael Sanchez.

"I have seen the land of Canaan, flowing with milk and honey," said Jacob, scholar of the law. "I have brought back grapes from Eschel—and other things that are terrible to behold," he cried and even as he cried, he felt the sob rise in his throat. He choked it down. "Also, there are eighteen packs of prime beaver at the warehouse and a boy named McGillvray, a Gentile but very trusty," he said. "The beaver is very good and the boy under my protection. You will not lose on the journey. And McCampbell died by the great river, but he had seen the land and I think he rests well. The map is not made as I would have it, but it shows new things. You would not understand."

"Did I not say, my son, that there was more than a girl's face to be found in the wilderness?" he said.

"A girl's face?" said Jacob. "Why, she is to be married and, I hope, will be happy, for she was a rose of Sharon. But what are girl's faces beside this?" and he flung something on the table. It rattled dryly on the table, like a cast snakeskin, but the hairs upon it were red.

"It was Meyer Kappelhuist," said Jacob, childishly. "And he was a strong man. And I am not strong, but a scholar. But I have seen what I have seen. And we must say Kaddish for him."

"Yes, yes," said Raphael Sanchez. "It will be done. I will see to it."

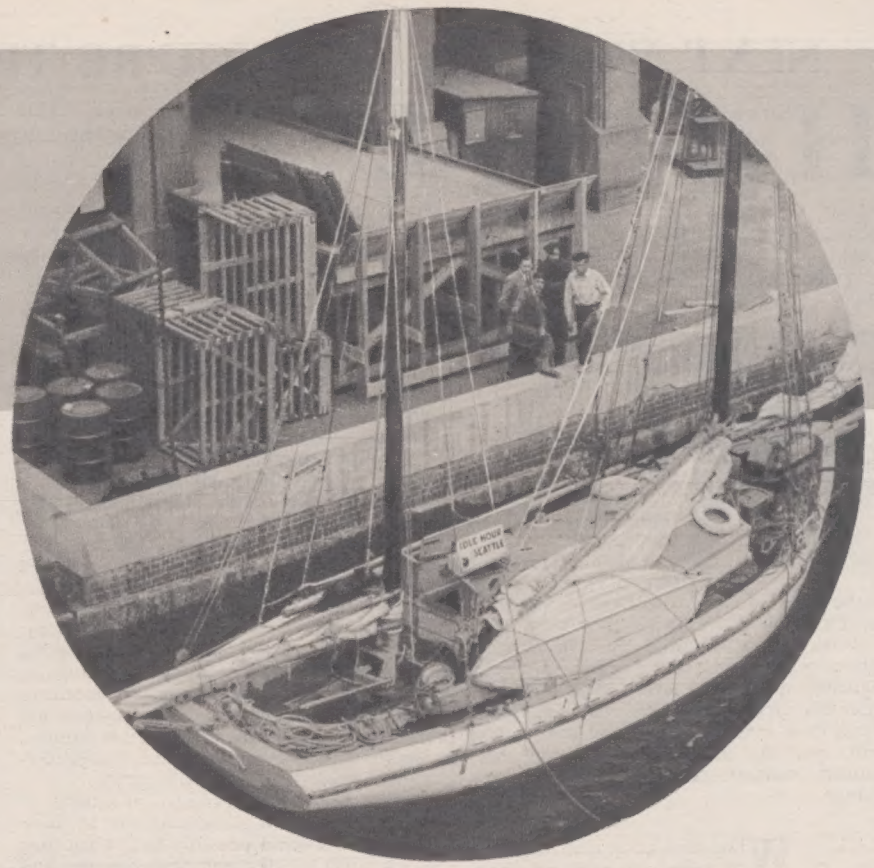
"But you do not understand," said Jacob. "I have eaten deer's meat in the wilderness and forgotten the month and the year. I have been a servant to the heathen and held the scalp of my enemy in my hand. I will never be the same man."

"Oh, you will be the same," said Raphael Sanchez. "And no worse a scholar, perhaps. But this is a new country."

"It must be for all," said Jacob. "For my friend McCampbell died, also, and he was a Gentile."

"Let us hope," said Raphael Sanchez and touched him again upon the shoulder. Then Jacob lifted his head and he saw that the light had declined and the evening was upon them. And, even as he looked, Raphael Sanchez' granddaughter came in to light the candles for Sabbath. And Jacob looked upon her—and she was a dove, with dove's eyes.

JOHN ROWLANDSON reminds us of some of the men who have left on the trail of the lost horizon and found happiness in hardship



The Idle Hour sailed away from security so that her skipper might look at the world with youth in his eyes

PITCH & TOSS ADVENTURES

THERE are those who still prefer to go down to the sea in little ships that sail, at one with the wind and the sea. Tall ships are gone and the trade winds seek their vanished t'gallants and royals in vain. But little ships, rigged fore and aft, are sailing the seven seas.

Joshua Slocum set the fashion by sailing round the world, alone. For the lack of a ship he came ashore, as many a master mariner did, when steam was getting to windward of sail.

He tried to swallow the anchor; but he could not keep it down. So, like the old New Englanders, he built him a ship of his own. Having no money for timber yards he felled an oak to lay his keel. He went to sea with a kitchen clock. But, as to that, he knew of other ways of fixing longitude than by the time.

Making an eastward Atlantic passage, Slocum was taken ill. He had to leave his *Spray* to sail herself. This was the first of many a time, and she held a steady course. But, awakening that night, he saw a stranger at the helm.

The stranger, dressed as men were dressed four hundred years before, smiled and said, "I am the Pilot of the Pinto."

Slocum recovered and sailed alone, but felt alone no more. For forty thousand miles he knew that that seaman sailed with him, who, in his day, had followed Columbus into the setting sun.

Slocum's voyage started close on fifty years ago. But still the call is heard to-day and answered. Only last month Captain Bernicot, who also followed the track of Magellan, scorning canals, came home to France in a craft even smaller than Slocum's *Spray*. Slocum and Bernicot were sailors, both in their middle fifties and both, after spending many years at sea, went back to the call of a far horizon. It was in their blood.

Meanwhile landsmen, too, have caught sea-fever and hoisted sail and gone away to find the back of beyond.

Some of us know why they do it. Should not we, if we had the chance and knew how to get away? Are we, who may never, who would if we could, if it were not for a job and our hearth and home, so different from those who have gone? What did they get away from?

Young Dwight Long got away from a prospect that many might have envied him: another two years to graduate at Washington University. So he left a piece of paper behind, the diploma he might have got if he had stayed. He went out instead to look at the world while youth was in his eyes.

As for a job, he was on full time. For a ship, even a little ship, must pay her way or lie up and rot. He knew this before he passed out of the Golden Gate, leaving behind him a boneyard flotilla of dream ships stranded in San Francisco harbour. More cruises have struck on financial rocks than on any uncharted reef.

The name of Dwight Long's thirty-two foot ketch is *Idle Hour*. If he is not at work with a marlinspike or a sailmaker's needle and palm, he will be running a charter or typing a tale, to fill up the frying pan. Maybe, when he has caulked up a seam, you might even hear him giving a lecture, to pay off a harbour due.

A year ago in Honolulu he came across a man who had made a get-away himself, twenty years before. This was Harry Pidgeon, a Los Angeles photographer, who came as near as anyone to doing what Slocum did. His sp[illegible] for many a month was *Isla*[illegible] chined thirty-four foot ya[illegible] launched himself. When [illegible] from his studio, whatever [illegible] left behind, he took his camera with him. It helped him round the world.

As anyone knows, who has ever built or tried to build a dinghy, or even a fishing punt, the shipwright's craft is full of snags to the unaccustomed hand. So what of a thirty or forty-footer, your home for a couple of years or more, that will carry you tens of thousands of miles across the open sea.

A man and his wife are building one now, at Benfleet by London river; to sail the seas, to take their chance and find their way by the sun and the stars—or, "By God and by guess," as seamen did of old. Direction-finding wireless may help the ship that carries it; but they will rely on compass and log, on the sextant and G.M.T. And their G.M.T. will depend on a clock, and the best of them alter their rate at times.

They will live their dream. They are weaving the very fabric of theirs; building not, as we might build a house, by hired craft. Keel and keelson, stem and stern-post, frame by frame and plank by plank, hewn and fashioned, laid and fastened by their own four hands. They are kin of ours. Their name is Smith, Tornado Smith. We shall hear of them again.

Dreamships have been named as such. *Oega*, the first of them, set sail soon after the war. Ralph Stock, his sister and a friend took her halfway round the world.

They happened to lie becalmed one day. Not a shark in sight, and the sun was hot. There is nothing quite like a swim in mid-ocean, with two or three thousand fathoms to float in. So the two men went in over the side.

Left alone aboard the yacht, the girl was down below at the time. *Oega* filled to a puff of wind. As it freshened she gathered way. The men in the water swam and yelled at the empty deck ahead. Luckily, sister was sailor enough to come about single handed and pick them up.

Oega was a North Sea pilot cutter of Colin Archer's design. A Scotsman, he lived in Norway grafting fresh ideas on to ancient Norse tradition in the building of a ship. Another Colin Archer ship was *Teddy*, which Erling Tambs, a joyous Viking, had known and coveted ever since he had been a boy. The sale of a novel made her his, but without much change left over.

So *Teddy* and *Oega* were sisters, and when each was ready for sea, each of their owners was broke to the wide. But that did not hold them back. Ralph Stock took out an otter trawl, when the price of fish was high, and raised the wind on a season's haul. While his sister and his war-time friend went back, for a while, to the built-up areas and hired themselves to commerce, to help.

Erling Tambs, without the price of barometer or proper charts, laughed at the warnings of the wise and shipped a bride, instead. Eighteenpence and the joy of life were all his capital in hand.

Although it sounds precarious, there was this behind it all. Erling Tambs was a man of parts. Julie, his wife, was a gift from the gods. His talents, their courage and comradeship united to pay their way. Not to mention—Tony. Two Tambs put out from Oslo; at Las Palmas they were three. Tony Tambs was signed on there, and he sailed on with his shipmates when he was six weeks old. His nursery was a forty-foot cutter sailing across the world. No chemists' shops, or clinics for him. But the trade winds filled his lungs. The Atlantic rocked his cradle, and he ripened in the sun.

By which we learn from Erling Tambs the way to deal with family ties, if you want to get away. Carry the first one off with you, and pick up the rest as they come along; for in New Zealand one day Tony discovered that he was a brother to little sister Tui.

They nearly lost their father through a badly poisoned arm. Lying in his bunk with a temperature up to 105, and thinking the end was near, Erling Tambs was giving his wife some hints on carrying on. It was Christmas Eve and the height of summer, under the tropic of Capricorn. With this in mind he felt bound to explain—though she would not stop to listen to this—how to dispose of the body: to bring the jib halliards into the cabin, hook on and hoist away.

But he rose from his bunk for a final effort and fell on the swollen arm. It hurt him, of course. No doubt of that. But from that day he recovered.

This blithe Norwegian interior, as a picture of family life, stands in striking contrast to the portrait of Alain Gerbault, the hermit of the seas.

Turning his back on the Centre Court at Wimbledon, forsaking Monte Carlo, Cannes and Nice, Gerbault ran across Ralph Stock. Then he bought the cutter *Firecrest*.

With his household goods aboard her and a verse of Masefield's poem, "Sea Fever," pinned to a bulkhead to catch his eye, he cultivated solitude of a kind to unbalance a lonely trapper. But he found his place in the sun, and he has kept it.

Like Slocum, Gerbault was taken ill alone in mid-Atlantic. He also recovered. But after that his little craft was pooped and swallowed, while he hung on aloft. Watching *Firecrest* emerge and clear her scuppers and drain her deck, he knew that she was ship enough for all that they might have to meet.

For unless a sea should swing her round, so that she broaches-to, as long as hatches are battened down, her deck well caulked and on sound beams, the smallest craft will ride like a gull, while a ship a thousand times her tonnage is taking it hard on the chin.

In days when there used to be seconds to spare between the last thing and the next, the Lads of The Village used to say, speaking of Piccadilly, that if you waited there, sooner or later you would meet everybody you had ever known—and try to pretend you remembered their names.

Ocean-cruising folk might say the same thing of Papeete. They all turn up in Tahiti, sooner or later. Things have changed, of course, since the days when Cook and Bligh were there. But in spite of western civilisation, or whatever one may call it, this lovely island has not lost its charm, nor its people forgotten to laugh and dance—and therefore, to live. For these things are the breath of life to Polynesians. What have we taught them, to take their place?

Sydney Howard, of the Benfleet Yacht Club, with his friend John Johnstone, of Dover, sailed 12,000 miles to get there and to take their thirty-eight-foot cutter, *Pacific Moon*, to where she belonged, by name.

One might meet almost anyone, on the yacht club verandah at Papeete. When the heat of the day has let up, at last, and when Alec gives the signal—up go the sunblinds, and down goes the sun, sinking in a blaze of glory, into the hills of Moorea, over there, across the water.

No one forgets, who has ever seen this. And after it, the rainbow comes. Not in the sky; but on that tray. Alec's special, known the world over.

Lifting a glass and looking around. Is that Conor O'Brien? The very man to tell us the way to set a square sail painlessly, and how to stow it in a blow, without going into the ditch. So—there they are. A few of them. We shall come across the others here or there. We are not in a hurry.

We have communed with the Infinite, keeping a watch on deck at night. Here or there, anywhere, from Calshot to the Carolines. Perhaps not the Carolines, nor the Pelews, at that. The Japanese are busy there, mandating the islands, which used to belong to some Aryan friends of theirs.

So we'll look for our friends elsewhere. Some have sought adventure and others peace of mind. But, one and all, they will tell you: that it is not so much a getting away as a way of life in itself.

One of them, Ralph Stock, has said, "He was his own man, and he lived. That was his dream and he accomplished it."

Old Joshua Slocum sailed once more and, somewhere between the sunset and the dawn, must have joined his phantom shipmate. For he did not step ashore again. But when the glass is falling, and the wind and sea are rising, and a lonely helmsman casts an eye at weather and aloft, who shall say these two old-timers are not standing by, to bear a hand?

And we who would, if only we could—shall we sit and sigh at the office clock? While the sun shines on home waters, too, and we can lay a hand on—anything that floats?

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NEXT WEEK

HE was only thirty, with his sealed heart — his kind, distant manner and his pleasant and impersonal smile. He was rich. He was very strong and healthy. He was good looking.

Thus does Christine Jope-Slade introduce one of the heroes of her story "A Blonde Hits the Headlines, in which she proves with her usual artistry that however much you might try to deny it, the world really does love a blonde.

The above-mentioned fellow with all that it takes, is but one of the heroes, for the magic blonde walks into many lives, with her vivid head held high, on a sweltering July evening.

With her hair curled back in shining, silken golden swirls and a smile of triumph lighting up her attractive little eighteen-year-old face, she was, as the Americans have it, a regular sexation. And as you will see, the glint of her yellow hair moved sundry people to do strange things.

When the time comes for us to take our eyes off those glittering, silken curls, we may be grateful to see the familiar, beloved red head of Molly O'Rourke, the hospital almoner, bobbing among the crowd that is surging towards this column.

For she has been sleuthing again, following a trail from a casualty ward, where lay a wounded man who wanted to be blamed for something he didn't do, to a gardener's cottage containing yet another wounded man.

Once more she gives us a pretty lesson in tempering justice with mercy; once more Frank King, her creator, guides this vital young woman through a very vivid piece of story telling.

It is a pity we cannot tell you the colour of Max Libermann's hair. We cannot even add details about his wife's permanent waves. But from the fact that Max was president of a Hollywood picture corporation we gather that Max was either bald, or grey, for he was worried even by the fact that he wakened one morning in mid-Atlantic to find that there was nothing for him to worry about.

But it was Max who had the nightshirt and the headache And it was about Max that Dana Burnet wrote the story. So we'll leave it to them to do the rest.

YOU'RE TELLING US!

LIKE the man on the cover this week, we are having trouble with birds. "The next cover will be the one showing a man with birds on a park bench," said the Editor, adding with a happy twinkle in his eye which we see only when he is about to depart for his holidays, "and when I say birds, I mean our feathered friends."

Really, we can't see what else he can have meant, but we have heard so much about robins during the last few weeks that we are beginning to doubt this feathered friends business.

Trouble started, as you well know, when we had our confidence in nature shaken by the news that robins of the American Continent are not what they might be. In fact, they are thrushes, and lay eggs of a blueness that reminds some people of the sky, or *vice versa*.

We have apologised for being wrong, apologised for apologising for being wrong when we were in the right, and even explained the whole thing to the robin that hops around the terrace each morning looking for something more civilised for his own lunch than he gives his family, yet we still get rebukes and corrections from the four corners of the earth.

Some day we are going to get around to finding out how a globe manages to have four corners—and possibly to get another shock when we discover that the world is flat after all, and that we've just been having our leg pulled for the last three-quarters of a century.

Anyway, we have now come into possession of a robin's egg, sent to us by Mrs. E. M. Hamilton, of Port William, King's Country, Nova Scotia, so that we might see for ourselves the "unmarred blue of a robin's egg"—an American robin's egg.

"The Canadian robin," she says, "is much bigger than the English variety, has an orange-red breast and builds mostly in trees. In case your companions include any believers in prevention of cruelty to birds you must explain that the eggshell we sent to you was picked up beneath a nest, both Mamma and Baby Robin having finished with it."

So we look on the remains of an eggshell the colour of which has caused so much trouble that our pleasure in apologising for being wrong is completely ruined by the feeling that we will soon be apologising again for apologising for being wrong. (Shows what comes of being polite, especially to readers.)

All the same, we were deeply inspired when Mr. L. S. Platt, of Croome Close, Sparkhill, Birmingham, wrote to tell us that a recent article had reminded him of a man who, despite his being colour-blind, was a successful salesman for a paint manufacturer.

"Apart from selling paint," says Mr. Platt, "he advised people on decoration schemes and selected the colours with amazingly good taste. Actually he overcame his disability by having the whole range of his various shades numbered.

"Also he had studied the art of colour blending and, remarkable though it may seem, he was considered an expert and authority on paints and decorations."

This goes only to confirm our worst suspicions about interior decorators now turning this Christian land into a pagan festival.

With due respect wherever it is due, we do think that, having gone this far, we ought to round up all the interior decorators who have been let loose in public places and in ocean-going liners, so that for the good of mankind we might prove not that they are colour-blind but that they are normal. That would be news, old boy!

Of course, we always have a feeling when we peep into the haunts of the great these days, that

this decoration business has reached heights well above our humble, silvered heads. Everybody finds it so easy to hear harmony in clashing colours, and we don't know very much about it either.

And while speaking of decorations we ought to add that Mr. J. O'Connell, of Kensington, London, W.19, thinks that Lloyd George is justified in saying that there can be no stability in Europe.

"Not as long as the Nazi paper-hanger keeps picking out new borders," he adds.

We can well understand Mr. Robert Lock, of Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon, being a little bemused when he saw a lamp standard in a large town in Kent bearing two notices. One said: "And God said, let there be light and there was light." The other added: "Granted by the courtesy of the Town Council."

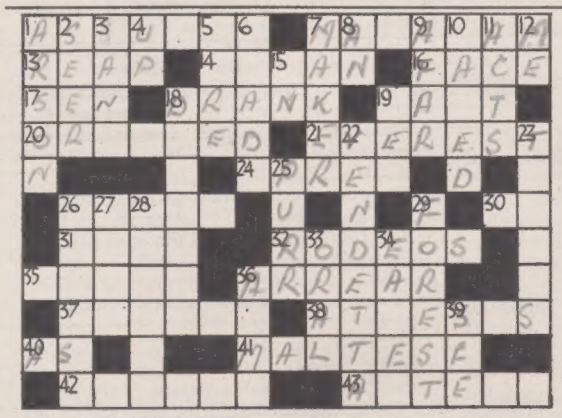
Surely that proves the local councillors really must be as old as they look.

So old, in fact, that it is doubtful whether they would even be quickened into taking an interest in street lighting or park benches if Mr. B. J. O'Donnell, of Columbus, Ohio, U.S.A., explained that "if a chap tries to kiss a woman and gets away with it, he's a man; if he tries and doesn't get away with it he's a brute; if he doesn't try but would get away with it if he did try he's a coward; but if he doesn't try and wouldn't have got away with it if he had tried, he's wise."

And when you have worked that out, Inspector, please tell us why anybody should want to leave a double-deck omnibus in the centre of Hatfield aerodrome landing ground in the night, disconnecting vital parts of its machinery in such a way that the ground engineers who found it in the early morning had to work for hours before it could be moved.

Mr. P. C. Stansell, of Hatfield, Hertfordshire, wants to know who did it. So do we!

YOU'RE TELLING US! Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed on this page. Address; "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss.



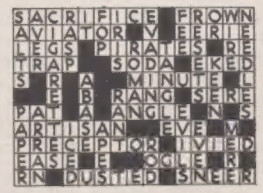
FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT

CLUES ACROSS

1. Without doubt.
7. Road making material.
13. Gather in due course.
14. A rain in ancient heresy.
16. Part of surface.
17. A bit of sense for coin.
18. Consumed.
19. Move rapidly.
20. Well arranged.
21. Top of the world.
24. Jollification.
26. Sink in or join something.
30. Half door.
31. Access not barred.
32. Round-ups.
35. That which is paid.
36. Unpaid or undone.
37. Ice-cat becomes acid.
38. Declares.
40. Opening of 1 across.
41. A form of cross.
42. Pungent comment.
43. A conduit.

CLUES DOWN

1. Wilful burning.
2. Wise person.
3. Sea-shore stuff.
4. Must be above something to be so.
5. Noble fellow.
6. There is a beam in such vehicles.
7. Producer.
8. Head and tail of 1 down will supply this.
9. Not close at hand.
10. Had courage to do something.
11. Performances.
12. Certainly not you.
15. Pine core.
18. Red tang (anagram).
19. Links Llangollen and Chester.
22. A feud.
23. Hurls, perhaps ejects.
25. What the cat may do.
26. A swamp.
27. Story of great event in verse.
28. Not very long ago.
29. Epping for instance.
33. By word of mouth.
34. Not necessarily a gourmet.
36. Highest point.
39. Observe.



Solution to last week's puzzle

B 251

Published by ODHAMS PRESS, Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Printed in Great Britain by the SUN ENGRAVING CO., LTD., London and Watford. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post, and entered as second class matter May 17, 1929, at the New York Post Office. Agents for the Colonies: For Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; for South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; for Canada, Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd.

P.S. GOLDEN CIRCLE 23-7-38

Warm Weather Heart Trouble

Helpful advice DON'T RISK HEAT WAVE COLLAPSE! Prescription that always gives **Relief.**

Healthy Heart. Hearty, Health.

Does your heart palpitate? Are you tired from morning to night? Sleepless yet needing sleep? Without appetite, yet needing the strength which foods can bring? You must not go on like this? Take "Blue Lion Fox Nut," the modern tonic which pulls you together in a few hours. Frazzled nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone; faith strengthened, hope renewed before nightfall; life worth living to-morrow. It is the Doctor's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—it prevents palpitation, flutterings, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces in warm weather. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. Ask for "Blue Lion Fox Nuts." Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Prices: **1/-** (25), **1/9** (50), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144).

The Shadforth booklet on Heart Troubles (No. P.S. 320), post free.

THE WORLD'S BEST HEALTH, HEART AND NERVE TONIC

Below are further examples of "Shadforth" Prescriptions most in use at this season of the year. They are the world's best prescriptions. Mr. Shadforth's reputation as a leading Pharmaceutical Chemist is your guarantee.

LIVER TROUBLES

Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache.

Periodical bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2,000).** Prices: **6d.** (36), **1/3** (100), **3/-** (300 pills).

Special booklet on Liver Troubles (No. P.S. 222), post free.

CORNS

Wash the feet well with hot water every night, using **Shadforth Formalin Soap (No. 840** —costs 1/-). Dry the feet and corns well with a rough towel and afterwards rub in a little Corn Salve **(No. 301**—costs 7½d.).

The Shadforth booklet on "Corns" (P.S. 297), post free.

BRIGHT EYES

Lovely Complexions

depend firstly on the blood beneath them, and only secondly on cream and powder. The best remedy for muddy or sallow complexions, acne or blackheads, boils, redness of skin and some forms of eczema, pimples and even carbuncles, is dispensed in dainty tablets as **Shadforth Prescription No. 442 (Skin Tonic Tablets).** They cleanse the blood. Try them for a couple of weeks and note, with satisfaction, the great improvement in your complexion. Don't cover up faults—cleanse them from within.

Prices: **1/-** (36), **1/9** (72), **3/3** (144).

The best soap to use while taking the tablets is Shadforth's Anti-Blackhead (Milk of Sulphur) Soap. **Prescription No. 1064.** Price **1/3.**

A Beauty Treatment at a Small Cost.

The Shadforth book on Skin and Complexion Troubles (No. P.S. 322) post free.

ECZEMA

For dry, wet, or scaly eczema, an approved remedy is found in **Eczema Ointment (No. 1369).** It is also excellent for Dandruff or Scurf. Prices: **6d., 1/-** and **1/9.**

Special New Formula for Vesicular Eczema **(No. 792N).** Price **2/6.**

Booklet on Eczema Treatment (No. P.S. 272) free on request.

HAY FEVER

COLD IN THE NOSE, CATARRHAL INFECTIONS AND CONGESTIONS

An effective nasal antiseptic of the ephedrine class is now provided in "Shadrinol." It is packed with a pipette for placing drops in the nose and with a spray for applying to the back of the mouth and throat. It quickly relieves Nasal Catarrh, Head Colds, Coryza, Hay Fever, Hoarseness, Laryngitis (occasionally Bronchitis and Asthma) and general catarrhal congestions of the mucous membranes of nose and throat.

Complete with directions. Price **1/3** (including pipette), and **2/6** (including pipette and atomizer).

Prescription No. 1445XL.

The Shadforth Booklet (No. P.S. 348) on this subject is supplied post free.

"Shadforth" famous Prescriptions may also be obtained from Boots, Timothy White's and Taylor's, and your Local or Leading Chemist, who will either hold stocks or will gladly obtain on request.

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

Without INDIGESTION, ACIDITY, GASTRITIS

Thanks to 'WHITE LIONS'

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the Shadforth Acidity Prescription (No. 1077), Popularly known as "White Lions." They give prompt relief and comfort. Even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers yield to this treatment. This is the famous "White" prescription used by hospitals everywhere for stomach trouble. Ask for "White Lions," **Shadforth Prescription No. 1077.**

Prices: **6d.** (24), **1/4** (72), **2/6** (144), **7/-** (432 Lions).

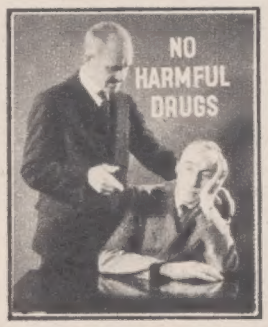
Mr. Shadforth's book (No. P.S. 314) on Treating of Digestive Troubles will be sent post free.

Make your mealtimes happier! A trial will convince you that "White Lions" are

POSITIVELY the World's Greatest Remedy for Acid Indigestion

STOP KIDNEY TROUBLE

Why Those Disturbed Nights?



It must not go on. Bladder troubles can be relieved. Quickly. Surely. And during the day—whilst you are employed—this soothing work will proceed. Until you have tried **"Shadforters"** you may be enduring endless suffering and misery—mental as well as physical. **"Shadforters"** will help you. And there is not an ingredient in them that can do you the slightest harm. Cooling, cleansing, healing **"Shadforters"**—for many years known as Shadforth Brand Bladder Comforters. **Prescription No. 285**—have been the successful remedy for Cystitis, Prostatitis, Gravel, Gall Stones, Scalding and associated Liver, Kidney, Uric Acid and Bladder troubles. Try them to-night. Ask for **"Shadforters."** Prices **1/4** (25), **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100), **13/-** (300).

The Special Shadforth Booklet on Kidney and Bladder Troubles (No. P.S. 326) post free.

HEADACHE, NEURITIS

PAINFUL NERVE-SHEATH INFLAMMATION.

All nerve pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by **"Shadspro Compound,"** the new pain-killer **(No. 263).** This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature and kills bacteria. Prices: **6d.** (10), **1/3** (25), **2/-** (50), **3/6** (100 tablets).

Shadforth booklet (P.S. 260), post free.

OBESITY

is Successfully treated with SHADFORTH DOUBLE-DUPLEX or FOUR-FOLD TREATMENT FOR OBESITY (No. 575/DD).

This is not one of those extravagant treatments where the cost is never ending, and the result disappointing—it is a **safe home remedy that will bring your figure down to that slim line of which you used to be so proud.** It simply costs a few shillings, but nevertheless is the most successful and scientific treatment for Obesity ever recommended. Prices **7/9** and **14/6.** Ask for the **Shadforth Obesity Treatment No. 575/DD.**

Special Booklet on Obesity (P.S. 255) free on request.

These prescriptions are obtainable privately packed and post free at these prices (abroad extra) from

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East Ham, E.6: Opp. Town Hall.
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Hornchurch: 4, Highlands Parade
Romford: 44, London Road
Walthamstow:, E.17: 168, High St.
West Ham, E.15: 1a, Durban Rd.

HÆMORRHOIDS

QUICK RELIEF AND COMFORT

This Tonic Laxative prescription quickly relieves and soothes Piles, Constipation, Sluggish Liver, and Atonic Dyspepsia. It ensures regular bowel movements, improves nerves and increases energy. Why endure the misery of Hæmorrhoids any longer? **Ask for Shadforth Pile Pills (No. 394).** Prices **6d.** (12), **1/9** (50), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144).

Descriptive Booklet (No. P.S. 325), post free.

ALOPECIA

(HAIR FALLING OUT IN PATCHES).

Here is a Cream which makes hair grow on bald spots (alopecia) if promptly applied. It is an unfailing remedy in Scurf, Scaly Eczema, and Ringworm, and most cases of Psoriasis. Ask for Alopecia Prescription No. 850. In jars at 1s. 9d. and 4s. The best soap to use in cases of Psoriasis, Hair Trouble, Scurf, and similar skin troubles is Shadforth Birch Tar Soap (No. 930), costs 1s. per tablet. The best internal medicine is Potassium. Take this in the form of Vi-Salts (the new Potassium Table-salt) with each meal.

Price **6d.** and **1/3.** Prescription No. 1250.

It nourishes the hair and prevents it going grey.

Consult "Health News" (No. P.S. 239) for the treatment of Hair Troubles. Post free.

HEALTHY BLOOD

100 P.C. PURITY. 100 P.C. VITALITY.

Here is the Shadforth known, admitted and approved remedy for blood troubles. It eliminates rheumatic tendencies and soothes painful parts. It heals ulcers, sores, boils, eczema, and skin disfigurements. It renews the blood, and blood is life. Ask for **Shadforth Blood Purifying Tablets (No. 1262).** Prices: **2/6, 4/6** and **13/-.**

SKIN TROUBLE

(1) **Antiseptic (No. 1449),** in tablet form to make bath. Price **1/-, 1/6** and **2/9.**

(2) **Psoriasis Ointment (No. 850).** A stimulating antiseptic. Price **1/9** and **4/-.**

(3) Wash regularly until better with **Birch Tar Soap (No. 930).** Price **1/-.**

(4) Take Potassium internally for a few weeks in the form of **"Vi-Salts"** (the new potassium table salt). **Prescription No. 1250.** Price **6d.** and **1/3.**

Special Booklet on Psoriasis (P.S. 227) post free.

NEVERILL

OLD SALTS

(PRESCRIPTION 565K).

A SPOONFUL A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY

The best morning Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Feverishness, Obesity, etc. Drink **it first thing every morning.** Tasteless with your tea. **For Sparkling Eyes, Clear Complexion, Tip-Top Fitness and Joie de Vivre.** Prices, in airtight canisters, **3d., 6d.** and **1/-.**

'TEN MINUTES TO WAIT'

When this distinguished personage, known to all De Reszke smokers, sat for his portrait to Anna Zinkeisen, he filled in the 'rest' times with De Reszke Minors. They last a full ten minutes, and are made from the same choice tobacco as the more expensive cigarettes.

De Reszke **MINORS**, 15 for 6d., Plain, Cork, or Red Tips.

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